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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE THOUGHTS OF GENERAL NORM

Conversations with
H. Norman Schwarzkopf

by C.D.B. BRYAN

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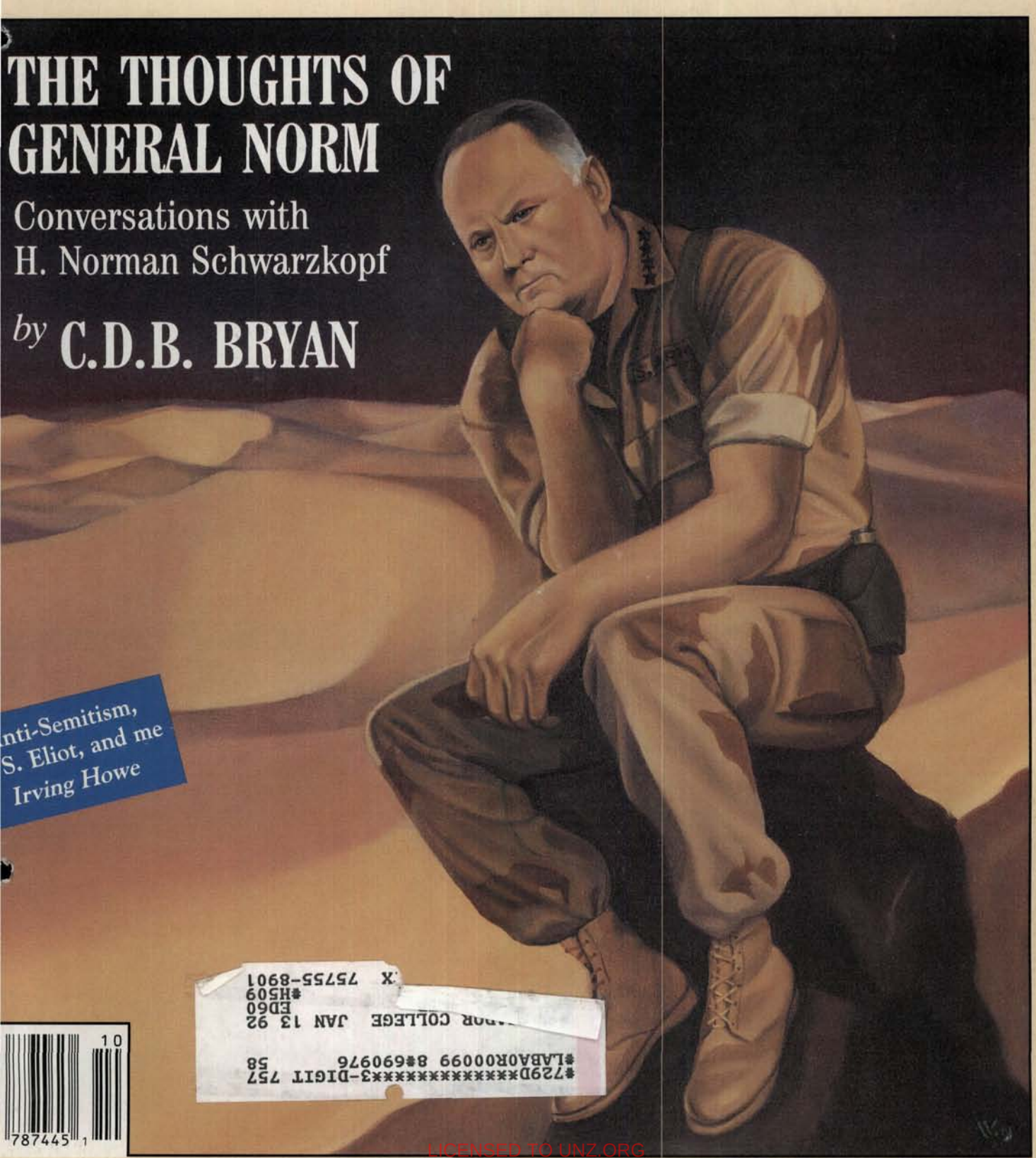
S. Eliot, and me
Irving Howe



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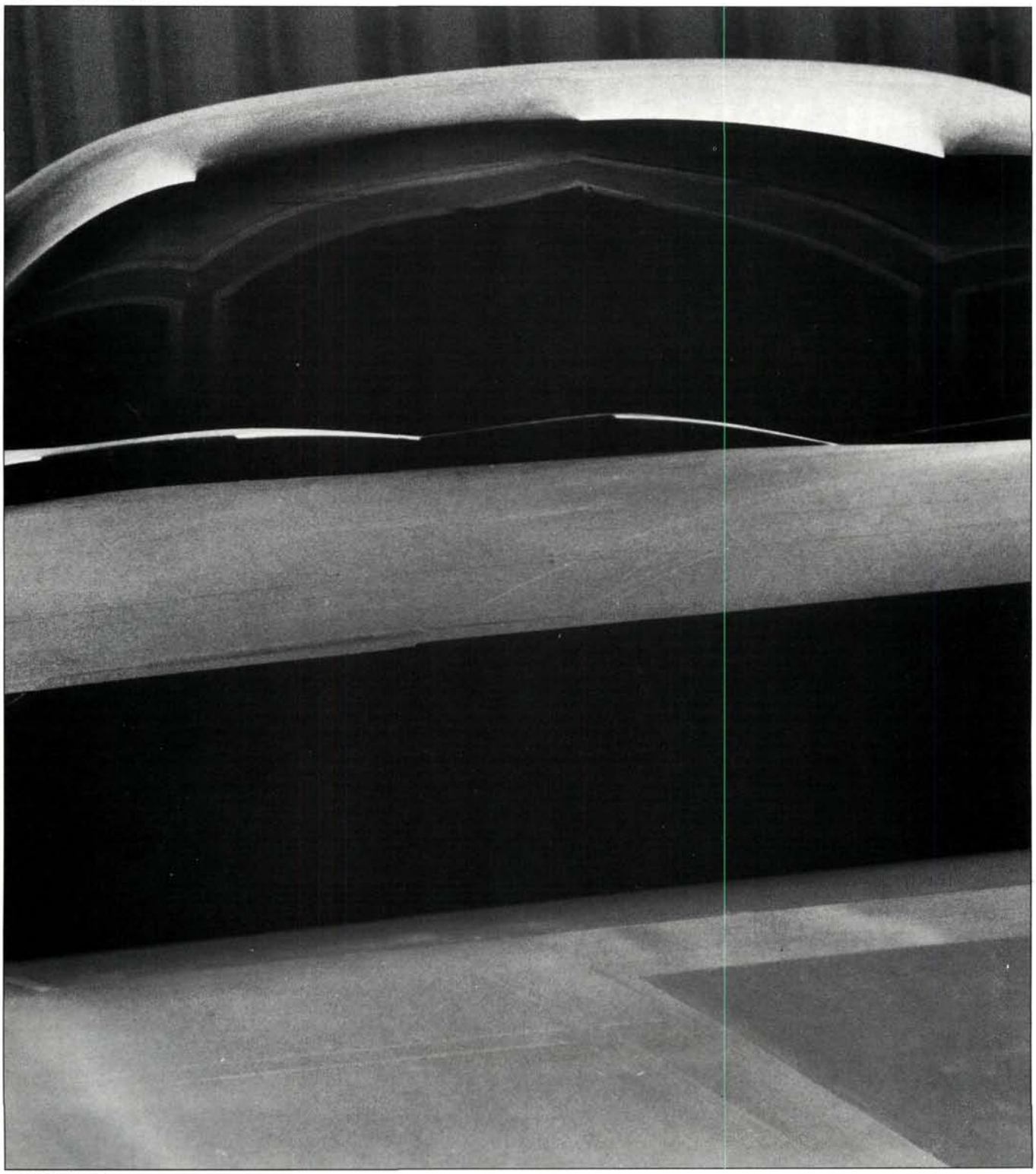

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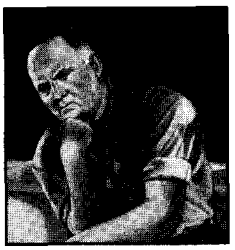

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TRB FROM WASHINGTON

Moynihan redux

President Bush's 1992 budget is a reminder of the fraud of Reaganomics. Proposed tax revenues are just over 19 percent of gross national product, exactly the size they were during the Jimmy Carter administration. And this is no aberration. During the previous decade they averaged 18.9 percent—a trivial difference. Federal government spending, likewise, was averaging 22 percent of GNP during the Carter years, crept up past 23 percent in the Reagan era, and is scheduled to hit 25 percent—including the savings and loan bailout—in 1992.

In short, the Republican regime of the past ten years has not cut federal spending and has not cut federal taxes. What it has done is shift the tax burden from the affluent down toward the middle and lower classes. The primary vehicle has been a spectacular increase in the Social Security tax.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan is back again this year with his nettlesome proposal to correct this abuse. Last year it got fifty-four votes in the Senate, but needed sixty on a technicality. Moynihan would cut the employee and employer shares, now 6.2 percent each (plus another 1.45 percent for Medicare) by 1 percent. The average family would ultimately save several hundred dollars a year. Employers would save an equal amount per worker.

The case for Moynihan's tax cut is familiar. The Social Security levy is regressive: a flat tax on wages up to middle-class levels. Wages over $53,400 are exempt. Investment income is exempt. Unlike the income tax, Social Security has no exemptions for low-income workers, who pay on dollar one. Social Security revenues are being misused to finance general government expenses: to the tune of $83 billion in 1992, $126 billion by 1995. Supposedly these are "loans" from a "trust fund" that will pay for baby boom retirements in the next century. But the reality of that trust fund depends on the willingness of future workers to tax themselves to pay off the loans—exactly what they would have to do to pay retirement benefits directly if the loans didn't exist.

This year's case has a new feature: the recession. The Social Security tax is a direct burden on the mutual decision of an employer and employee to create and take a job. Also, lower-income people spend more of their money than the affluent. For both these reasons, a Social Security tax cut would be a far better stimulus than Bush's beloved capital gains cut, which also has been repackaged as a recession therapy.

It's a great issue for the Democrats. There's just one trouble: Where does the money come from? Moynihan's scheme would cost $160 billion over five years. One almost-good-enough answer is: not our problem, sweetheart. Let those who exploited this abuse say how to replace the money once it is corrected. Ethically, after a decade of Republican snake oil, Democrats needn't aspire to heroic levels of fiscal responsibility. Politically, the charge of irresponsible pandering through tax cuts will quite rightly stick in most Republican throats. Bush's formulation that Democrats are "messing with Social Security" is a clever fudge, but not clever enough.

But some Democrats are boy scouts. The Progressive Policy Institute, a wing of the Democratic Leadership Council, has proposed a self-financing version of the Moynihan plan. It would pay for a cut in Social Security tax rates by lifting the income ceiling, either raising it to $125,000 or eliminating it completely. This has the advantage of maintaining the "trust fund" fiction: Social Security taxes would bring in just as much as before. The disadvantage is that it still leaves much of general government expenses being paid for by a tax that exempts all investment income. The increase in marginal tax rates on wages would be far stiffer than if a Social Security cut were financed by a general income tax increase.

Here's another alternative for fiscal responsibility buffs. It will have a nostalgic ring to those whose political memories go back as far as 1980. The centerpiece of John Anderson's independent presidential candidacy in that year was a proposal for a fifty cent gasoline tax, "rebated" to citizens by cutting the worker's share of the Social Security tax in half. Unfortunately, seven increases in the Social Security tax since that time have increased the maximum annual payment by two-thirds, after inflation. But a thirty-two cent gas tax would still finance Moynihan's $160 billion Social Security tax cut.

The case for a gas tax is also familiar. Gasoline is a clear example of what economists call "externalities": every gallon you consume imposes costs on society as a whole as well as on yourself. The Persian Gulf war makes the point vividly, and there's pollution as well. Bush's chief economic adviser, Michael Boskin, recently touted "market and market-type mechanisms" as the best way to make government policy. There is no better illustration of a "market-type mechanism" than a tax that restrains demand by forcing a consumer to absorb the social costs of his consumption. Every other major industrial country understands this. In Germany, Japan, France, etc., gasoline costs three times or more what it costs here.

Gasoline prices peaked in early December at $1.38 a gallon. They're now down to around $1.13—even after a laughable nickel-a-gallon tax increase that came December 1. You could pay for the Moynihan tax cut with a gas tax that would barely put prices back where they were three months ago. If ever there were a moment when the cost of our national gas habit is obvious, when the national willingness to sacrifice for the greater good should be awakened, and when the actual sacrifice required should seem minimal, this is it. Yet our craven leaders don't dare ask.

Combining a gas tax increase with a Social Security tax cut might alleviate the need for courage. And the two fit together nicely. The trouble with a gas tax is that, like almost any consumption tax, it's regressive. It hits poorer people harder. Rebating the revenues by cutting the Social Security tax has the opposite effect: it's better for poorer people. The trouble with a Social Security tax cut is that it costs money. A gas tax is a huge money raiser—roughly a billion dollars per penny.

Of course combining these two ideas also undermines the advantages of each. The regressivity of a gasoline tax cancels out the progressivity of a Social Security tax cut, leaving the fairness of the tax code about where it is now. And spending a gas tax on a tax cut of any sort uses up revenues that could otherwise go toward reducing the deficit. But you can't have everything. In fact, given our present politics, you probably can't have any of this good stuff, let alone all of it.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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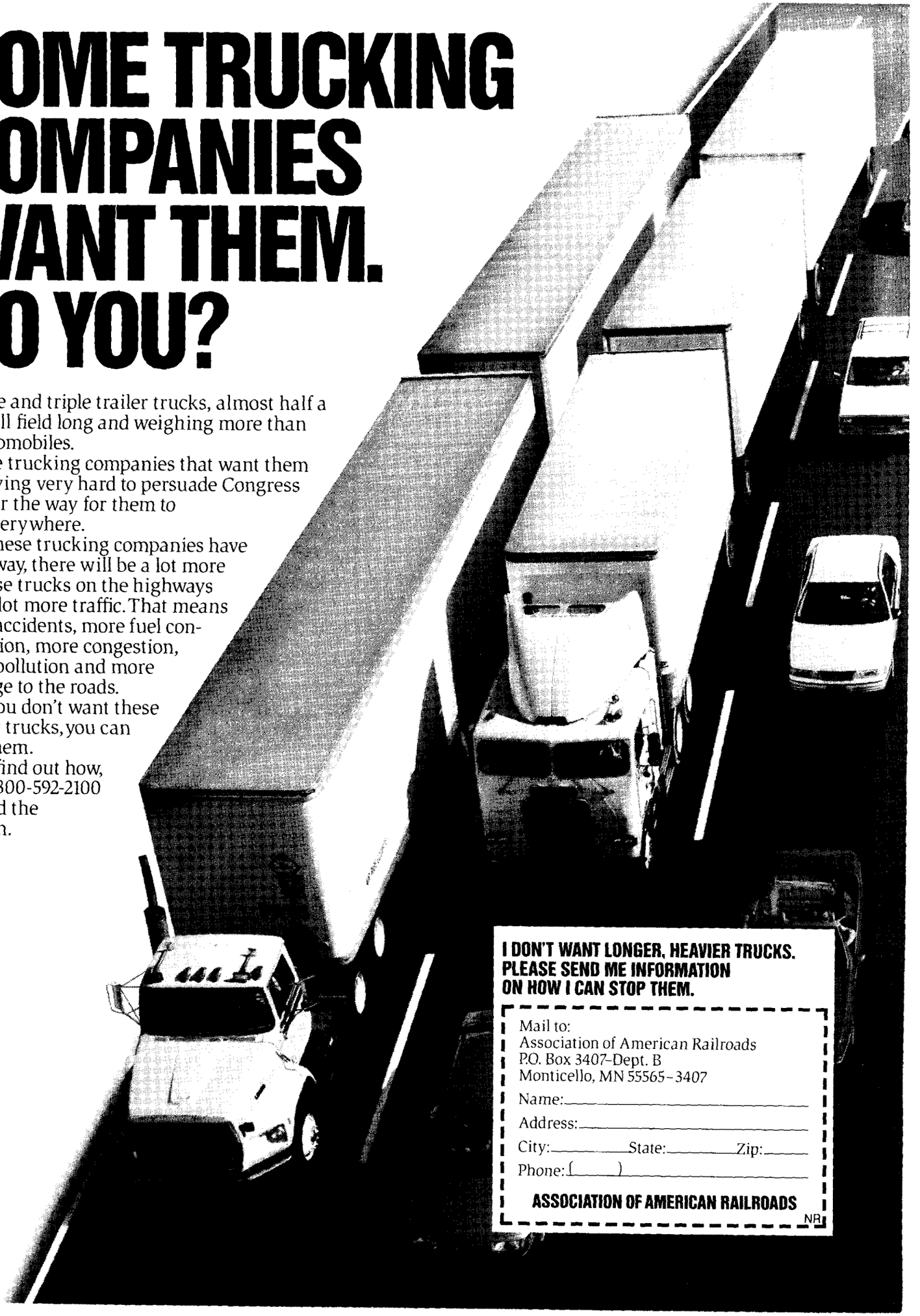

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CORRESPONDENCE

Leaden ship

To the editors:

Although I agree with the military intervention in Iraq, I take exception to Fred Barnes's rosy view of President Bush's leadership as expressed in "Finest Hour" (February 11). We should remember that the crisis is partially of the administration's making. It stubbornly persisted in cozying up to Iraq despite numerous warnings, even hours before the invasion. Further, confusing signals were transmitted to Saddam Hussein about the administration's attitude toward an invasion.

Then the president oversold the value of the economic sanctions. If he correctly believed that sanctions would only hurt Iraq and not compel Saddam to withdraw, why didn't he say so? Even after ordering the military buildup, the president never presented the country with a cogent, consistent reason for the policy. Was it to defend Saudi Arabia? Was it oil? The overthrow of Saddam? The liberation of Kuwait? Democracy? I know why I think that we should be there, but I still have no idea why the president thinks so, what his goals are, and what kind of deal he may choose to cut.

We may be thankful that the president finally muddled into the correct policy, but this incoherent, often deceptive program should not be confused with dynamic leadership.

LORNE HOUTEN
Los Angeles, California

Influence meddling

To the editors:

Karel van Wolferen's review of Pat Choate's *Agents of Influence* ("America's Illusions," February 11) is an unwitting act of hara-kiri, so flawless that the reader need not draw the sword.

To take but one example, Mr. van Wolferen writes: "Americans are particularly vulnerable to Japanese propaganda for the additional reason that they consider morally reprehensible a degree of deceit that is still within the bounds of what is socially permissible in Japan." But he misses the irony when he also asks us to believe, with Mr. Choate, that (in the words of the *Nihon Keizai Shimbun*) "influence in Washington is just like in Indonesia. It's for sale!" The irony is greater yet when he complains that "honest analysis" of the kind that he offers is (not surprisingly) dismissed as "emotional outbursts" and "Japan-bashing," while he condemns the careful scholarly critiques of the tales of Japanese perfidy as "propaganda" produced by American academics "intimidated" by the prospects of losing "Japanese academic funding."

Where Messrs. Choate and van Wolferen truly offend us is not in the fantasies that they force us to read, but in the violence that they do to the uniquely American sense that individuals are not, as in vulgar Marxism, creatures of special interests but can transcend them. Thus, we generally attribute principles, not ulterior motives, to our citizens. Jews talk about the Middle East, Indians about the subcontinent, Hispanics about South America, and we correctly do not insist on their identifying their ethnicity, for we presume that they speak as Americans. So do we permit corporate, labor, and other groups, whether domestic or foreign, to support our universities and research institutions: we trust the good sense of our citizens to preserve their independence and integrity.

These values make our civil society less fractious and more civilized; they also tend to be self-validating. It would be a pity to begin losing them over a hysterical reaction to Japan's economic success.

JAGDISH BHAGWATI
New York, New York

To the editors:

In his review of *Agents of Influence* Karel van Wolferen has offered an impressive attempt at "reality management" himself. The book and review merely issue a "wake-up call" to America, illuminating U.S. weakness with Japanese lobbying victories. They succeed in part: America's political bunglings are made plain. But they falsely make Japan out to be a uniquely insidious force in Washington, one that somehow plays the American power game by some set of dangerous homegrown rules.

Mr. van Wolferen writes that the Japanese have "adapt[ed] a venerable American institution—lobbying—to their uses," but what he shows is Japan playing hardball in Washington's long-standing power-brokering system. He says, for example, that the Japanese-controlled AUTOPAC—whose funds are provided by Americans, as Michael Kinsley has noted ("The Nefarious East," September 24, 1990)—has a "hit list" of elected officials "who can be defeated with last-minute spending of hundreds of thousands of dollars in close electoral races," a tactic that he anticipates "will strike some Americans as dishonest or unethical."

Maybe so, but is this tactic some shrewd departure from the venerable American principle of funding candidates whose policies one supports? Does Mr. van Wolferen find it different from the routine lobbying practices of the NRA? He then laments that in a struggle between U.S. and Japanese interests, the Japanese will "almost always be able to spend more to buy influence in Washington." Is Japan's purchased power a perversion of some balanced American system where wealth holds no great advantage? For all his claims of "manipulation" of the American system, Mr. van Wolferen merely shows that Japan is rich and organized enough to beat America at its own game.

ROBERT WEINER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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Sax appeal

To the editors:

I welcomed Edward Rothstein's efficient dismemberment of the multiculturalist challenge to the prevalence of Western music in American universities and concert halls ("Roll Over Beethoven," February 4). Nevertheless, there's a big hole in his article. He neglects to discuss the phenomenon of jazz.

It could be argued that jazz in all its forms is the first genuine multicultural art. It is a child of many cultures that has matured under the constant, shifting influences of new ones. No musical tradition in history has woven such an elegant diversity of musical ideas into its fabric. No musical club has ever welcomed musicians of so many nations and races into its ranks.

But jazz composers and practitioners will join us in insisting on an objective standard of judgment. Certain kinds of music are more complex, more universally inspiring, or more enduring through the vicissitudes of fashion and taste than others. Whatever the standard, some music is measurably superior to other music. Mozart was a better composer than Salieri. Charlie Mingus was a better composer and bandleader than Glenn Miller. And, though it is politically incorrect to say it, humanity's record of musical expression has on balance benefited more from the contribution of, for example, Germany than it has by, say, Japan. This is not to dismiss the value of Japanese music—just to register its relative significance in the broad sweep of music history.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 11, 1991

OPPORTUNISM KNOCKS

George Bush is not renowned for his sense of irony, but his response to Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev's peace proposal for the Gulf war was a minor masterpiece. After less than a day's hesitation, Mr. Bush brushed aside the plan, arguing that it "falls well short of what would be required," but refused to divulge its precise contents "in the interest of thoroughly exploring the initiative." The president also found himself obliged to express to Mr. Gorbachev a certain "appreciation for his sending it to us."

The statement expresses better than we can the exquisite tension now evident in relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. We are, in the rhetoric of the administration, "coalition partners." The Soviet Union has supported American efforts in the United Nations to rally support for the Gulf war, and in return the administration has essentially turned a blind eye to the repression now gaining momentum in the crumbling Soviet empire. But in this cynical bargain, reminiscent of the administration's dealings with the Chinese government after Tiananmen Square, the Soviet Union has consistently failed to fulfill its part. From the beginning of the conflict, the Soviets have attempted to find a way to provide Saddam Hussein with a means for saving face and for retrieving some prize to justify his aggression.

The latest proposal from the Kremlin is the most brazen example of this policy. Mr. Gorbachev's peace proposal was devised unilaterally, not in collaboration with the United States and other members of the coalition. It was shared first with the foreign minister of Iraq, the coalition's enemy. It contained elements hostile to the letter and spirit of the United Nation's Security Council resolutions to which the Soviet Union was a party. It seemed designed, at least in part, to reestablish the Soviet Union as the sponsor and arms supplier of a resurgent Iraq led by Saddam. Mr. Gorbachev's initiative contained the implicit threat that he would side politically with Iraq against the United States if President Bush rejected its terms. When informed of Mr. Bush's dismissal of the initiative, Soviet Foreign Minister Aleksandr Bessmertnykh replied, "That plan was addressed to the Iraqi leadership, so he rejected the plan which did not belong to him."

This is not a minor diplomatic spat. The United States is at war with Iraq. We have committed close to 400,000 troops and enormous diplomatic and international prestige to enforce U.N. resolutions calling for Iraq's unconditional withdrawal from Kuwait. Throughout, the Soviet Union has done nothing tangible—either militarily or financially—to support this effort. In the midst of what is perhaps the most vital stage of battle so far, this allegedly critical ally, without consulting with the United States beforehand, has attempted to negotiate an independent settlement with the enemy. With any other ally, in any other circumstances, this would be called betrayal. With Gorbachev's Soviet Union, it is something for which Presi-

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dent Bush considers it appropriate to express strained appreciation.

The Soviet initiative was not an attempt merely to convey the importance of Iraq's compliance with the U.N. resolutions calling for unconditional withdrawal from Kuwait. There were, according to press accounts verified in Moscow, four conditions: that Iraq's territory would remain intact, that Saddam would remain in power and not be subject to postwar punishment, that worldwide embargoes and sanctions would be lifted, and that a Middle East peace conference would be convened.

Soviet diplomats deny that these amount to anything but the U.N. demands. Yet Security Council Resolution 674 requires Iraq to pay for the damage it has caused to Kuwait. Under the Soviet proposal Saddam would be rewarded for his withdrawal by being subject to no war crimes trials, demands for reparations, or other punishments. And by promising "talks" on the Palestinian question after the war, the Soviets are giving Saddam a "linkage" pledge that builds his standing among the Arabs, even as Mr. Bush is trying to undermine it.

What does the Soviet president believe he can get out of this? The most plausible answer is enormous prestige if the effort succeeds in enforcing genuine, unconditional withdrawal. If it does not—and the evidence suggests so far that it is designed for a conditional withdrawal—then Mr. Gorbachev cannot fail either. He has laid the groundwork for a separate agenda from America's in a postwar Middle East. He has set up a blueprint for a future relationship with the Soviets' old client state, Iraq. He may even have succeeded in panicking the United States into a ground war sooner than planned, in order to ensure that the costs for American military involvement are as high as possible.

In all of this Mr. Gorbachev has behaved as anybody might expect. He leads a major regional power in Asia, has no abiding loyalty to the United States, and has acted throughout entirely in his own—and his country's—self-interest. The Soviets are already rebuilding Iran's army after its war with Iraq, to the tune of $2 billion. Syria's defense minister, Mustafa Tlas, was just in Moscow to cut a deal for MiG-29s, SU-24s, and, possibly, short-range missiles. To be sure, Mr. Gorbachev is not behaving in exactly the mode of his more powerful—and more brazenly obstructionist—predecessors. He did, after all, support the U.N. resolutions. But he has acted in the traditional mode of a mischievous, if not treacherous, regional rival. Perhaps he is best thought of as a more powerful and more desperate version of a French president, with the obvious exception that, as an unelected dictator, he represents little but himself and his militarist oligarchy.

There is also, of course, the question of the Soviet president's domestic politics. Hidden behind the headlines of Mr. Gorbachev's initiative, Russian President Boris Yeltsin called last Tuesday for Mr. Gorbachev's resignation. Economic policy in the Soviet empire is in chaos: prices were recently arbitrarily hiked by the central government; fifty and 100 ruble notes were confiscated. The republics are inexorably seizing control of their own destiny from the center. Mr. Gorbachev's only real area for autonomous action—his only available means for gaining domestic leverage—is through foreign policy. His Gulf peace plan is as much a bid for his own security in his own country as it is for Saddam's postwar security in his.

Little of this seems to have dawned on the Bush administration. Secretary of State James Baker continues to believe in the relationship with the Soviet Union as the cornerstone of American foreign policy, a view that finds surprising resonance among other more hawkish members of the administration such as Robert Gates, Bush's deputy national security adviser. The habits of a lifetime are hard to kick, and even conservatives—perhaps especially conservatives—remain so transfixed by the Soviet relationship that they have not grasped its fast developing insignificance in this country's post-cold war diplomacy.

We hope the Gorbachev initiative sparks a thoroughgoing review of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union in the coming weeks and months. This is, in some respects, a clarifying moment in our relationship. In ten years we have gone from a cold war to a euphorically warm peace. It is time to understand that our essential relationship with the fast disintegrating Soviet empire is more naturally chilly. We should rid ourselves of the inherited delusion that Soviet support is essential for any American action in the international arena. We should realize that we have increasingly little to lose in supporting the forces for democratic change in the Soviet Union, against the government now headed by Mr. Gorbachev. And in the current war we must ensure that what we do—especially in the critical decision of whether to launch a ground offensive—is in no way hostage to the interests of a power that has an agenda alien to our own. The soldiers risking their lives in the Gulf to defeat the aggression of Saddam are not in the Soviet army. There is no reason why their fate should be decided in the Kremlin.

NOTEBOOK

POT AND KETTLE WATCH: When the Department of Education's Michael Williams came out against race-exclusive scholarships on the grounds that they violated the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Heritage Foundation was firmly behind him. The think tank's specialists Jeanne Allen and Mark Liedl agreed that scholarships should be based on financial need or merit, not race. This was in keeping with the founda-

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tion's opposition to all forms of racial quotas and set-asides. Except, that is, for its own scholarships. The Heritage Foundation has just announced a $1,000 cash scholarship for the "minority student journalist who best exemplifies the high ideals and professional standards of the late Lawrence Wade, a syndicated columnist who died in March 1990." Maybe they should call it the Janus Prize.

STARK NAKED: It has become increasingly obvious that Representative Pete Stark is a liberal bigot. Back in August the California Democrat savaged Health and Human Services Secretary Louis Sullivan as a "disgrace to his profession and his race." Now he attacks his "Jewish colleagues" for voting in favor of the January 12 resolution authorizing the president to use force in the Persian Gulf. Never mind that a majority of Jews in both the House and Senate voted against the president. Stark sees only what he calls the "hostile militant guys," whom he identifies as Tom Lantos and "Field Marshal [Stephen] Solarz." They voted for war, he told a town meeting in his district over the recent congressional recess, "as a matter of convenience" to help Israel. Stark has once again apologized. But once again he looks like the Democrats' answer to Earl Butz.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH US: This week we're starting an experiment with a 900 number. Instead of actually writing a letter to the editor, you can now call us at 1-900-726-6671 and deliver your reactions to this week's TNR over the phone (see page 25 for details). While you're at it, another touch-tone option offers a way to vent spleen at the editorial of the week: you can vote yea or nay to the editors' latest pronouncement. A third choice is listening in to our daily recorded spat with the editors of *National Review*, already broadcast on some public radio stations across the country. We hope the line will help increase our contact with readers' opinions, especially those of you who have little time to enter into lengthy correspondence. We'll treat messages on the line just like letters to the editor and publish them on the correspondence page. When the results of the weekly poll are particularly embarrassing for us, we'll also announce them in this space. There's a catch, of course. It costs $1.25 a minute. Happy dialing.

P.C. P.S.: Copies of our recent Race on Campus special issue are still available. Readers who have requested them from our Boulder, Colorado, subscription service should write instead to us here at THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1220 19th Street NW, Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20036. Single copies are $3 plus $1 postage, with a discount for copies bought in bulk ($2.50 each for 10, plus $2 postage, or $2 each for 25 or more, plus $3 postage).

THE PRESS

HACKS ANONYMOUS

By Michael McGough

"Poverty and Norplant—Can Contraception Reduce the Underclass?" may become the most famous American newspaper editorial since "Yes Virginia, There is a Santa Claus." The editorial, published in the December 12, 1990, issue of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, proposed that welfare mothers be given incentives to use Norplant, a long-term contraceptive, as one way to ameliorate "the impoverishment of black America." "Poverty and Norplant" created a minor insurrection in the *Inquirer* newsroom, and eleven days later the paper ran an editorial abjectly apologizing for having linked race and birth control. Not all the critics were mollified. Steve Lopez, an *Inquirer* columnist who had compared editorial page editor David R. Boldt to David Duke in print, suggested that the problem wasn't one editorial but the "elitist" posture of the editorial page as a whole.

The dispute at the *Inquirer* revives questions not only about editorial policy but about what might be called editorial polity. Lopez told readers: "You should know that they [the editorials] don't speak for all of us. Boldt's operation—the editorial board—is upstairs from the newsroom operation. And some of the downstairs folks are often embarrassed by what passes for this newspaper's voice." That upstairs/downstairs imagery focused attention on an issue usually confined to J-school classes: When a newspaper takes an editorial position, for whom is it speaking?

In simpler times the editorial "voice" belonged to the proprietor, who might delegate the phrasing, but not the fashioning, of editorial policy to hired wordsmiths. Newspapers had recognizable voices then, often linked to political parties or factions. With the passing of the era of the imperial publisher and the growth in chain ownership, the formulation of editorial policy at many papers passed to a sometimes equally imperial editor—either the editor of the entire news operation or the editor of the editorial page. Except at small newspapers, where economics dictate a one-person editorial page staff, an editor or editorial page editor these days is likely to preside over an editorial board comprising at least the other members of the editorial page staff (the situation at the *Inquirer*) and possibly other executives of the newspaper. Theoretically, anyway, it's the board that decides on the editorial's opinions.

Some newspapers, including *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Wall Street Journal*, profess to

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erect a wall between news and editorial operations so that the editorial page editor reports directly to the publisher. A more common but less tidy arrangement is for the editor at the apex of the news operation to keep a more or less watchful eye on the ed-page editor. This is the configuration at the *Inquirer*, where the editor, Maxwell E. P. King, saw the Norplant editorial before it appeared and intervened to have it toned down. At the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, where I work, editor John G. Craig Jr. is even more intimately involved in the ed page, chairing meetings of our editorial board and vetting editorials. Despite the overlap in his oversight, the (truthful) party line at the *Post-Gazette*, as at the *Inquirer*, is that news and editorial operations are separate: reporters "downstairs" are not instructed to conform their news stories to the opinions incubated "upstairs."

Within the "ivory tower," the lack of democracy can be acute. At some papers the editorial writers don't convene on a regular basis; the editorial page editor simply calls on individual writers to discuss their ideas for the day. Where they do exist, editorial boards aren't bound by Robert's Rules of Order or the Supreme Court's one-person, one-vote principle. (Much was made in the *Inquirer* imbroglio about the fact that "Poverty and Norplant" hadn't been discussed at one of the thrice-weekly meetings of the editorial board.) At the *Miami Herald*, associate editor Joanna Wragg told a workshop at the American Society of Newspaper Editors convention last year, "The editor single-handedly outvotes the rest of the editorial board and everyone understands that." She added that the *Herald*'s editor in turn can be trumped by the publisher. That occurred in 1984 when the publisher decided that the *Herald* should endorse Ronald Reagan for re-election even though the editor and the majority of the editorial board preferred Walter Mondale.

Despite this sort of hierarchy, there have been pressures for more democracy—and diversity—in editorial policy-making. But that too has its problems. As Boldt observed at the height of the *Inquirer* controversy, "Publishers set up these little United Nations editorial boards and then wonder why they never say anything particularly brave. But as long as a consensus is required you're going to end up with the gray gelatinous goo that is slathered across editorial pages all over this country."

A broader question is why should anyone, even an exquisitely balanced editorial board, presume to speak for the whole *Inquirer* or *Post-Gazette* "community"? The conventional critique of editorials is that they don't reflect the views of most of a newspaper's employees. But it can just as easily be argued that editorials are illegitimate because they don't reflect the views of the ownership. Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc. (PNI), the company that publishes the *Inquirer*, also publishes *The Philadelphia Daily News*, a tabloid that has disagreed with the *Inquirer* on political endorsements. PNI, in turn, is a link in the Knight-Ridder chain, which is proud that it does not impose a party line on the editorial pages of its newspapers (which include the *Miami Herald*).

Why would a large media concern allow its separate newspapers, or at least the publishers of those papers, to go their own way even when it comes to endorsing a candidate for president? One explanation of the local-option policy (which is not followed by every chain) is that it's good business for a mass corporation to encourage the executives at its various papers to behave as if they were old-style hometown publishers and not the viceroys of a vast media empire. Such delegation gives an ironic twist to A. J. Liebling's famous gibe that freedom of the press belongs to those who own one.

One way out of the problem is simply to abolish editorials. In a memo to Max King inspired by the Norplant affair, Mary Walton, a member of *The Inquirer Magazine*'s staff, suggested that as an alternative the *Inquirer* could have two pages of signed opinions and analysis. She added that an editorial board could stay to make election endorsements, with majority and minority opinions as on the Supreme Court. For now, King says, he has no interest in changing the operation of the editorial page. He and the *Inquirer*'s publisher "want to see how things work for a while," now that the editorial board is engaged in post-Norplant reflection about its role. In the much longer term, however, King says he is open-minded about other approaches to the newspaper's opinion function, either signed editorials or a section that would consist only of personal opinion columns.

My guess is that the *Inquirer*, and other newspapers that periodically go through similar soul-searching, will not abolish unsigned editorials. Editorials have been the subject of premature obituaries at least since 1866, when the *North American Review* declared that "the prestige of the editorial is gone." In 1936 H. L. Mencken called the editorial page "a vestigial organ."

But the ivory tower still stands, and for good reasons. The accountability issue is complex; just ask the publisher who had his breakfast ruined by a lead editorial in his own newspaper, or the editorial page editor who found himself banished from the tower for misjudging his mandate (an occupational hazard of which Boldt is certainly aware). Still, in sixteen years of writing editorials for the *Post-Gazette*, I have never been in doubt that the newspaper stood for something—racial equality, strong public schools, a regional approach to local government—and that it should speak in a certain way. My newspaper is not alone in publishing editorials that reflect a coherent, if general, political philosophy that can be traced back to the ownership.

And there is the fact that editorials *work*, even if it may be hard to construct a satisfactory theory of the editorial. Media critics are forever coming up with mocking descriptions of what happens when a single writer's essay is presented as the opinion of an entire newspaper. My favorites are "editorial transubstantiation" and the Wizard of Oz Effect (as in "pay no attention to the man behind the curtain"). Yet in my experience an argument is taken more seriously when it comes from the *Post-Gazette* than

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when it appears under my humble byline.

More often than not, the communities that newspapers serve benefit from that kind of amplification. As Boldt has pointed out, most editorial crusades don't involve ideologically divisive issues: "Eighty percent of the time you're trying to recommend what ought to be done about getting a Criminal Justice Center built or Delaware Avenue repaved." As for the other 20 percent, will it be gelatinous goo or incisive iconoclasm? As editorial writers like to say: "Only time will tell."

MICHAEL MCGOUGH is editor of the editorial page of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

THE OTHER GULF

By Fred Barnes

President Bush was disappointed, even a bit peeved. He wanted to hear one thing when Moshe Arens, the Israeli defense minister, spent thirty minutes in the Oval Office on February 11: thanks. If Bush had to sit tight while Arens made the case for more American aid to Israel ($400 million in loan guarantees for housing construction, another $13 billion for postwar repairs and other expenses), he was willing. But he wanted Arens to express, at length, Israel's gratitude for all the United States is doing to rid the Middle East of Israel's greatest threat, Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. Arens said Israel appreciated American efforts. "He said the words, but that wasn't the thrust of his approach," says a Bush adviser who attended the meeting. Arens dwelt chiefly on Scuds and the enormous damage the Iraqi missile attacks have done in Israel.

The meeting caused an entirely avoidable deterioration in the relationship between the United States and Israel. "You may have seen the high point of Israel-American relations," says a senior White House official. He was talking about the period from January 16, when the war against Iraq began, until the session with Arens. It wasn't just Bush who turned sour. Arens and other Israeli officials expected Bush to be the grateful one, acknowledging Israel's suffering in the war and extolling its restraint in not retaliating against Iraq for the Scud attacks. Bush didn't do that. "Just as the American side thought Arens wasn't appreciative of what we've done, the Israelis thought Bush didn't appreciate what they've done," says a White House official who talked to Israeli officials following the meeting.

All of these grown men with hurt feelings may seem silly. But two other things made the friction more than a tempest in a teapot. First, there's a history of ill will between Bush and Israeli leaders. Second, some indiscreet and poorly timed remarks by Israeli ambassador Zalman Shoval on February 14 gave the administration added heartburn. Bush has made no secret of his dislike of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and his Likud party allies, though they got along when Shamir visited Washington in December. Late last year Bush commented to a foreign leader, "Wouldn't it be great if Labor were back in power?" (This leader agreed with Bush that it would be.) Bush also has a fixation about Israeli settlements in the West Bank. He's convinced that the Shamir government secretly desires to move ahead with new settlements and that this would impede a peace agreement in the Middle East.

The Israelis have fresh grievances. Ten months ago Congress approved the $400 million loan guarantee, but the Bush administration still hasn't forked over the money. It is requiring Israel to provide extensive data about housing plans to prove that none of the U.S. money will fund settlement of Soviet Jews in the West Bank. Administration officials believe they are establishing a principle for later, bigger loan guarantees to Israel. But Israelis contrast the incredible difficulty they've encountered with the ease with which Egypt was forgiven $7 billion in debt to the United States last year. Moreover, Shamir was upset in January when Secretary of State James Baker issued a communiqué with Soviet Foreign Minister Aleksandr A. Bessmertnykh that promised the Soviets a role in Middle East peace talks. Israel hadn't been consulted about this.

Wrangling over the $400 million prompted the now notorious Shoval remarks. In negotiations with Baker aides Shoval thought he'd satisfied the request for housing data. In fact, he had drafted a letter to Baker aide Dennis Ross that spelled out exactly what information would be coming. Then, on February 14, a story in *The Washington Post* quoted two Israeli opposition politicians as saying the Shamir government plans to build 12,000 homes for new Jewish settlers in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Shoval insisted that such plans aren't the policy of the Israeli government, but he was told the $400 million would be further delayed.

Shoval blew his cork. In an interview with Reuters, he said, "We sometimes feel we are being given the runaround, although to the best of my understanding Israel has fully complied with the requests that were raised in this connection" by the Bush administration. Whenever Israel provides housing information, "always something new arises." Shoval groused that Israel, "not being part of the coalition" against Iraq, has not "received one cent of aid in spite of the fact that we have had immense direct military costs. We demand that these needs and necessities be addressed as swiftly as possible."

When Baker saw the Reuter story, he blew *his* cork. He instantly summoned Shoval to the State Department for a dressing down. That seemed to be the

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end of the matter. At least Shoval thought so. Baker had other plans. He went to Bush, urging the president to issue his own statement criticizing Shoval. "Baker was adamant," says a White House official. "Somehow Baker took it personally. He wanted to show that the president was behind him." Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, and chief of staff John Sununu were skeptical. So were lower-level aides, including Richard Haass, the Middle East expert at the White House. But Baker had no trouble persuading Bush.

The statement, issued at 5:30 p.m. on February 15 from Kennebunkport, Maine, was short, pointed, and unprecedented. Shoval's statements, it said, were "outrageous and outside the bounds of acceptable behavior by the ambassador of any friendly country. The Secretary of State made this clear to the ambassador yesterday, and the President protested to Prime Minister Shamir by cable this morning. We deserve better from Israel's ambassador." This was the first time the White House has publicly attacked the ambassador of a friendly country. (It has zinged ambassadors from Iraq, the Soviet Union, etc., before.) "When there's a White House statement, everyone's antennae go up," said a Bush aide. The Israelis' did. They complained that Shoval got pummeled for making one rash statement, while Bush speaks sympathetically about King Hussein of Jordan, who's basically sided with Iraq.

Why were Bush and Baker so tough on Israel? Baker has a personal reason, and I don't mean the one involving Shoval. Since the Persian Gulf crisis erupted last August, Scowcroft and Cheney have been Bush's closest advisers, appealing to his hawkish instincts. Baker is more dovish. He was embarrassed when the White House distanced itself from his mischievous communiqué with Bessmertnykh. The statement on Shoval was tangible evidence of his clout with Bush. The president had his own reasons. He helped Baker, his old pal. And he showed the Israelis who's boss, a lesson Bush and Baker want them to learn in time for postwar negotiations.

On February 17 Shoval apologized. "I did say some things which diplomats are not supposed to say and I am sorry for that," he said in Miami at a meeting of the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council. That didn't bring Shoval any instant friends at the White House, though. So Shoval lingered in Miami, waiting for Vice President Dan Quayle to address the council on February 19. As Quayle delivered a strongly pro-Israel speech ("a true friend, a trustworthy friend"), Shoval sat two seats away. "Despite occasional glitches," Quayle declared, glancing toward Shoval, "and I'm not going to name names, Mr. Ambassador," the administration's contact with Israel during the war "has been fruitful and positive." Quayle smiled. Shoval grinned back and bowed slightly. After the speech, he and Quayle talked for fifteen minutes. That ended the Shoval flap. But trouble between the United States and Israel goes on. ●

A case for occasional conscription.

A SLIGHT DRAFT

By Jacob Weisberg

It's a lazy afternoon in the hearing room of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Just four members have turned up to ask questions of Robert Gambino, President Bush's new nominee to head the Selective Service System. John Glenn calls the session to order. Though he hopes there won't be any need to activate the draft lottery, Glenn says he is glad to know the mechanism is ready if needed. John Warner, the ranking Republican, jumps in. The president has said he has no plans for an involuntary call-up. Glenn replies that he didn't mean to imply that he had. Shortly afterward Gambino reads his statement: "I pray that the future national security needs of our country will be satisfied without resorting to a draft."

On Capitol Hill and beyond it, there is virtual unanimity on the issue of a draft. President Bush said in early February that he had "absolutely no intention" of reviving it. *The New York Times* recently called it "Unpopular—and Unneeded." The only people who really desire a draft, despite their protestations to the contrary, are members of the anti-war movement. They crave a call-up because it would galvanize massive public opposition to the Gulf war. Conscription would siphon socially advantaged young men into the front lines, resulting in a cadre of articulate and influential parents making impassioned personal appeals against the war. Pro-war politicians fear it for the same reason.

The military has its own rationale for opposing a draft: volunteers suffer fewer morale and discipline problems than those pressed into service involuntarily. They're a better army. There is also a progressive social case for a volunteer force: the military provides a unique avenue of social mobility and career advancement, especially for lower-class blacks. The argument that those who volunteer often have few other alternatives is hardly a reason for taking away the one good option they do have. A draft inevitably would mean displacing into civilian employment (or unemployment) some people who want to be in the service. As Michael Kinsley wrote (TRB, "Uncle Sam Doesn't Want You," November 26, 1990), the person whose place is taken "may not be grateful to be shut out so that some yuppie can enjoy an egalitarian moral frisson."

These may be persuasive arguments against conscription in peacetime, especially given the diminishing long-term manpower needs of the armed services. The tiny chance of dying in an unanticipated miniwar like

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Grenada or Panama, or in a training accident, seems a small price to pay for the chance of social mobility afforded by a tour of duty. But if the "job" in question also entails a higher risk of getting smashed up or killed, as it does today, those who volunteered under very different circumstances may indeed be glad to share the risk with the sons of doctors, bankers, and stockbrokers.

Volunteers join out of various motives, including patriotism, incentives, and a desire to fight. Few now are trying to opt out of the deal they made at the recruiting office. But it is clear that if a ground invasion of Kuwait were presented as a central part of the bargain, the services would run the risk of a permanent staff shortage. This is supported by a dramatic drop in new Army and Navy contracts since the Gulf deployment in August, and by the fact that the Pentagon has had to freeze routine end-of-term discharges for people who would ordinarily be leaving. As columnist Mark Shields points out, this means that there actually is a kind of draft already—limited to people who originally volunteered. And most of those come from the lower social classes. "The objection," as James Fallows, the author of *National Defense*, puts it, "is that the link between the people who make the decisions and the people who pay the price for them is broken."

The Defense Department avoids collecting statistics that demonstrate disproportional class representation in the fighting ranks of the military—for example, how many soldiers are the children of lawyers. But even those figures the Pentagon does keep give a sense of the military's skewed socioeconomic makeup. If we invade Kuwait, the heaviest casualties will be taken by an Army force that is 32 percent black. The comparable eligible group of civilians is 13 percent black. Unlike ten years ago, the Pentagon says it now attracts the quality of recruits it requires: 91 percent are high school graduates. But the enlisted ranks of the military include hardly any emissaries from the upper class. "With occasional exception, these are all lower-middle-class or blue-collar kids," says Charles Moskos, a Northwestern professor and leading advocate of national service who interviewed troops in Saudi Arabia in November.

It is fairly certain that the policy-making ranks will not bear any serious share of the expenses in the coming invasion. Consider the involvement of some of the country's elite institutions. Out of a student body of 23,000, the University of Michigan has a grand total of nineteen veterans, according to figures compiled by Moskos. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton have a combined total of nine. Of a dozen NEW REPUBLIC editors, only one has distant relatives serving in Saudi Arabia. I'm typical of most in knowing no one in uniform. By comparison, it has been calculated that one out of every two Americans has a friend or relative who may see action in the Gulf.

Of course, the poor doing the fighting for the rich represents no historical departure for the United States. During the American Revolution and the War of 1812 it was normal for affluent landowners to hire freed slaves or indentured servants to serve as their replacements in state militias. During the Civil War it was even more common for wealthy Northerners to retain substitutes. After conscription was instituted in the North in 1863, the method of last resort for the well-to-do was to pay a "commutation fee" of $300—the average annual working wage at the time. Of 207,000 men who were drafted into the Union Army, 74,000 found substitutes, and 87,000 paid the fee.

In part because of this ugly experience, which led to draft riots in New York and resentment elsewhere, upper-class immunity was ended in World War I. According to John Chambers, a historian of the draft, Henry Ford's successful campaign to gain a deferment for his son Edsel was exceptional. Through World War II and the Korean War, America's fighting force kept significant representation from all social echelons. Vietnam, however, saw a swing back to the earlier pattern. Graduate school deferments (Richard Cheney), evasion, and wire-pulling (Dan Quayle) kept the wealthy out of the fray. Since the institution of the All-Volunteer Force by Richard Nixon in 1973, the Army has relied upon economic incentives to attract sufficiently qualified candidates. For the rich, the only difference between a system that relies on financial inducements to supply a fighting force and one that explicitly allows people to buy their way out is that today their "commutation fee" is paid collectively and anonymously, out of the federal treasury.

One argument against a cross-class military is that, because it will increase the costs for decision-makers of going to war, it will make necessary military intervention impossible. But there is no reason to believe this would be the case. In our war against Iraq, for example, it is hard to imagine that Congress would have made a different decision if its members were more intimately connected to the consequences of their actions. But if the policy-making elite weren't insulated from the costs of war, the decision to go to war would have a legitimacy it now lacks.

If an all-volunteer force is unfair, and a conscript one undesirable, what's the solution? John Kenneth Galbraith proposes a volunteer service corps drawn from Wall Street, the universities, and the "better suburbs," which would provide a chance for "those now so undemocratically exempted by their wealth or comparative affluence." Assuming anyone would volunteer for such a brigade, it's still not an egalitarian way to distribute the most brutal cost a society can demand. The goal should not be to offer up a few sacrificial preppy lambs, but to introduce an overall element of equity into the question of who fights.

A better compromise would be to supplement the all-volunteer force with conscription when military conflict becomes likely. The Gulf engagement is a case study in how this could work. According to Gambino, it takes about four months to induct and train an American soldier. If, at the time of the August deployment,

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Bush had directed the selective service to call up 500,000 registrants, the Pentagon could have begun rotating divisions of mixed replacements and volunteers to Saudi Arabia in December. With the decision to go to war made deliberately, according to our timetable, it would have been entirely possible to institute a lottery that would give an eligible editor like me something like a 1-in-10 chance of being called up.

The idea is far from perfect. In a minor conflict like Grenada or Panama, it still wouldn't be practical to use the selective service. And it is now too late to do anything about our fighting force in the Gulf. But there's still time to contemplate the unfairness of the present system—and think about fixing it before, heaven forfend, the next war. ●

The Intelligence Committee's bad bet.

DELLUMS' DILEMMA

By Joshua Muravchik

In order to soothe Democratic liberals opposed to the elevation of moderately hawkish Representative Dave McCurdy to the chairmanship of the House Intelligence Committee, Speaker Tom Foley filled four of five Democratic vacancies on the committee with stalwart doves. But one of the four, Representative Ron Dellums of California, has so often embraced some of the very movements and governments on which America collects intelligence that it is hard to see how U.S. agencies can function while obliged to share with him their most sensitive secrets.

Dellums was elected to Congress in 1970 "as a radical critic of an incumbent [Democrat] who had one of the most liberal voting records in the House," in the words of *The Almanac of American Politics*. He was a vocal champion of, among other organizations, the Black Panther Party. Even before he was sworn in, Representative-elect Dellums addressed the World Conference on Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia in Stockholm, which hosted representatives of the Khmer Rouge and the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front. He has sent tributes to the U.S. Communist Party newspaper, the *People's Daily World*. Over the last two decades Dellums has associated with sundry organizations of the far left, of which the most notorious were two of pre-perestroika Moscow's international front operations: the World Peace Council and the World Youth Festivals.

The WPC, according to a story last year in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, receives 90 percent of its funding from the Kremlin, and, in its heyday, was solely devoted to Brezhnevite peace propaganda. In 1978 Dellums cohosted a meeting of the World Peace Council in the Capitol. His staff subsequently wrote to the WPC conveying his wish to attend a 1982 WPC meeting in Vienna. Dellums also sponsored the 1986 Copenhagen conference of the WPC and was represented there by his administrative assistant, Carlottia Scott. Dellums lent his name as a sponsor to both the 1978 World Youth Festival in Havana and the 1985 edition in Moscow.

A more revealing insight into Dellums's politics comes from papers captured in Grenada by American invasion forces. The papers included letters from Scott to former Grenadan ruler Maurice Bishop, leader of the Communist New Jewel Movement, with whom Scott was romantically as well as professionally involved. In one, Scott wrote:

> Ron had a long talk with Barb [Dellums aide Barbara Lee] and me when we got to Havana and cried when he realized that we had been shouldering Grenada alone all this time. Like I said, he's really hooked on you and Grenada and doesn't want anything to happen to building the Revo and making it strong. He really admires you as a person and even more so as a leader with courage and foresight, pride and integrity. Believe me, he doesn't make that kind of statement often about anyone. The only other person that I know of that he expresses such admiration for is Fidel. (I've known and worked with Ron for many years and the last time I heard him say something like that was in 1977 after a meeting with Fidel.)

According to his former aide Barbara Lee (now a member of the California legislature), "Ron took down a delegation of Afro-Americans [to Cuba] in 1977." Dellums returned to describe the trip in glowing detail in an account published by the Center for Cuban Studies in New York: "I was deeply impressed with what I saw there. Our ability to meet face-to-face with government leaders, students, and people on the street gave us a totally different picture of Cuba. . . . Mr. Castro is a brilliant man with a visionary look at the world."

Among the papers captured by American forces in Grenada were minutes of a Grenadan Politburo meeting of December 15, 1982. They read in part: "*Ron Dellums*: His assistant, Barbara Lee, is here presently and has brought with her a report on the International Airport that was done by Ron Dellums. They have requested that we look at the document and suggest any changes we deem necessary—they will be willing to make the changes. Cde. [Comrade] [Ewart] Layne was assigned the task."

Dellums's report rebutted the Reagan administration's charge that the Grenadan airport was being upgraded for East bloc military aircraft. When this document came to light, and Representative Newt Gingrich chastised Dellums for having allowed the Grenadans to vet the report, Dellums pointed out that the report had been submitted to the Armed Services Committee in June 1982, six months before the Politburo meeting. At the same time Dellums acknowledged that: "I re-

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quested that one of my aides have the Grenadans verify the factual accuracy of the data included in the report."

Dellums's office worked with the New Jewel government in other ways, too. Scott sent Bishop a typescript of a forthcoming Dellums op-ed article on Grenada with the request, "Please comment." In an earlier letter she had pledged: "I feel that now I will be able to convey, in a more comprehensive manner, the thoughts and directives of the PRG [People's Revolutionary Government]." In another letter she confided her anxieties about an American revolutionary living in Grenada, a chronic malcontent despite having correct politics: "I feel he is dangerous not only to himself but to others. In his state of mind he would be easy prey for, let's say, as an example, to be approach [sic] by the CIA and talked into being an agent to work against Grenada."

A spokesman for Dellums could not say whether any of Scott's actions had displeased him or whether she had been disciplined for them, but since the time of the Grenada correspondence she has been promoted to Dellums's administrative assistant.

Lee also corresponded with Bishop, signing her letters, "In struggle." In May 1980 she received an envelope bearing the stamp of the Grenadan prime minister's office that contained a flyer denouncing communism in Grenada. She promptly called the Grenadan ambassador to report the subversion and gave her the missive so it could be investigated.

The Grenadan documents were not the only captured papers in which Dellums and his office figured prominently. When Salvadoran government forces raided a guerrilla safehouse, they found a trove that included the diary of Farid Handal, brother of Shafiq Handal, the head of the Salvadoran Communist Party, and an important Salvadoran operative in his own right. In it, Farid Handal describes a visit to the United States in which he helped to launch CISPES (the Committee in Support of the People of El Salvador), which has described itself as a support group for El Salvador's Marxist guerrillas. He writes that Maurice Jackson, "president" of the Washington, D.C., branch of the U.S. Communist Party,

> . . . played an important role in arranging an interview with Congressman Ronal [sic] Dellums. . . . That same Monday . . . the interview with Congressman Dellums and his task group took place. . . . At the end of the meeting they asked me to write [my statement] down, for which right there in the offices of Dellums they provided me with a typewriter. They explained that they needed it to translate into English in order to make a report for all the black congressmen. . . . [A subsequent] morning the offices of Congressman Dellums were converted into our offices. Everything was done there. The meeting with the Black Caucus took place in the liver of the monster—nothing less than the meeting room of the foreign relations committee.

Dellums's spokesmen acknowledge that the staff met with Handal but insist that the diary embellishes the story and deny that Dellums met with him. Dellums has, however, signed fund appeals for CISPES.

Dellums's spokesmen point out that he has chaired subcommittees of the House Armed Services Committee on installations and facilities and on research and development and has never been accused of leaking or mishandling classified information. That may be true, although in 1972 Dellums entered into *The Congressional Record* a 500-page classified government report on Vietnam, deliberately destroying its secrecy. (Some highlights from it had already been revealed in the press.) In 1975 he was a featured speaker at a conference called Counterspy '75, organized by the Fifth Estate, the publishers of *Counterspy* magazine, which specialized in revealing the identity of CIA officers. (One such officer, Richard Welch, reportedly CIA station chief in Greece, was subsequently assassinated.) In 1980 Dellums was quoted, in *People's World*, a U.S. Communist Party newspaper, as telling a Bay Area symposium, "We should totally dismantle every intelligence agency in this country piece by piece, nail by nail, brick by brick." These are strange qualifications for membership on the Intelligence Committee.

The deeper issue is the worldview of Dellums and those with whom he surrounds himself. On several occasions Dellums has clearly supported the interests of movements and governments that are hostile to America against those of the U.S. government. Could U.S. intelligence officials in good conscience send men and women to penetrate those forces knowing that their identities will have to be revealed to Dellums and possibly through him to the likes of Scott and Lee? Perhaps Dellums, despite his opinions, is a man of honor who will guard all secrets vouchsafed to him even from his most trusted staff. But this seems a stiff additional test against which to gamble the lives of America's agents and the integrity of its intelligence.

JOSHUA MURAVCHIK is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

The scary state of Soviet nukes.

LOOSE CANNON

By Gabriel Schoenfeld

Last February members of the House Armed Services Committee escorted high-ranking Soviet officials, including Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, on an unprecedented tour of U.S. military command posts. During the visit the Americans noted something peculiar about their guests. In the words of the House committee's report, they were "extremely interested" in how long it would take the United States

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to detect a foreign missile launch and identify it as friend or foe, and "extremely concerned" about possible incorrect reactions in the event of an unauthorized missile launch. The concerns did not seem to stem from fear of an inadvertent U.S. nuclear attack because the visitors appeared "favorably impressed" with the precautionary measures the United States employs. One explanation is that they fear their own rockets might start an accidental nuclear war.

As nationalism tears apart the Soviet Union, the chance that it could split into fifteen or more states—some of them armed with nuclear weapons—is scary enough. But even if Moscow keeps its hand on the button, there's plenty of reason for concern. Chernobyl, and the jitters of the Red Army officials, suggest that the world's largest stockpile of nuclear arms is no longer in particularly safe hands.

One source of danger is the collapse of military morale. The tens of thousands of personnel engaged in the maintenance, transport, and storage of nuclear weapons are not immune from the general social crisis. Even elite units, including the nearly 300,000 troops of the Strategic Rocket Forces, are affected. Arms control—and the prospect of unemployment—affects thousands of personnel. Scarcity affects all of them. Recently a missile base in the Urals actually "ran out of foodstuffs." Bread and milk were the only things to eat, and these only sporadically. Soldiers formed a strike committee, whose members threatened to desert their posts if food was not forthcoming. The supreme command of the Strategic Rocket Forces was alerted and two aircraft "full of top brass" flew to the scene, but they too were "unable to supply the camp with sufficient food." The account in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* does not say any more, except that the servicemen are asking: "How far may hungry rocket troops go?"

Nuclear weapons policy has long been one of the most closely held secrets of the secrecy-obsessed Kremlin, but glasnost brought a wave of disturbing revelations last year. The typical serviceman in the Strategic Rocket Forces, for example, must serve in the Soviet periphery, where "intense heat, freezing weather, sand, and the taiga" are the norm. But not everyone can come in from the cold. Major A. Dolonin, the newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda*'s man on the ballistic missile beat, has reported that 10,000 servicemen and their families in these forces lack housing. One officer in four of the air defense forces is without adequate shelter, says Colonel A. Dokuchayev, a correspondent for *Krasnaya Zvezda.* Families of four are often allocated only a single room measuring slightly less than thirty square feet. Schools and kindergartens are overenrolled, and "by no means do opportunities exist everywhere for the wives of officers and warrant officers to get work." Alert duty, says Dokuchayev, is "the main thing in life," but "is it possible to rest after alert duty under these conditions?"

Soviet authorities worry that personnel who handle nuclear weapons "especially in emergency situations" are subjected to enormous psychological pressures, which generate behavior that could be "absolutely illogical, unpredictable, and extremely dangerous to all mankind." The authorities screen personnel to avoid this danger, with an annual examination conducted by an "expert commission" in which "moral qualities" and "psychophysical condition" are tested, reported the newsweekly *Argumenty i Fakty.* The commission employs a special methodology designed by military psychologists that places a "definite psychological burden" on all candidates for nuclear weapons access.

The screening process weeds out some 4 percent to 6 percent of personnel a year. Still, some of those handling nuclear weapons "suffer a nervous breakdown as a result of psychological pressure and emotional stress," says retired General Vladimir Belous. One reason is that the low salaries of nuclear-weapons handlers attract inferior soldiers. The wages of a driver-mechanic for a heavyweight SS-25 mobile launcher, says Dolonin, are less than half that of a trolleybus driver even when special "supplementary" payments are factored in. Another source of tension is ethnic diversity. General I. D. Sergeyev, a deputy commander in chief of the Strategic Rocket Forces, recently inspected intercontinental missile bases in the Caucasus. He found forty Azerbaijanis in the fall induction, of whom only two could speak Russian.

Technological deficiencies in the Soviet command and control structure have magnified the impact of the morale problem and heightened the level of risk. Some of this is unavoidable. In the United States, for example, there have been numerous accidents with nuclear weapons, code-named "Broken Arrows" by the Defense Department. One of the most dramatic took place in 1966 when a B-52 bomber crashed over Spain while refueling. The TNT detonators of two nuclear weapons on board exploded on impact, scattering radioactive debris across the countryside. Even today the Pentagon is concerned about the chance of accidental detonation of nuclear warheads. In December Defense Secretary Dick Cheney ordered defectively designed SRAM-A warheads withdrawn from the U.S. arsenal to reduce the risk that they could inadvertently release radioactivity. Given the scope of continuing U.S. problems in this area, it should surprise no one that the Soviet Union has had similar problems in more acute form.

Newly declassified information from the Soviet Union shows that Soviet "Broken Arrows" have already happened. In one accident a nuclear weapon was "lost" in 1957 near the USSR's nuclear test site at Semipalatinsk. "The shepherd, B. Kishpaev, found a hydrogen bomb that had not exploded," was the laconic message conveyed to a Soviet parliamentarian by the Defense Ministry when it acknowledged the mishap last year. General Stanislav Kochemasov, main staff chief of the Strategic Rocket Forces, revealed in *Pravda* last February that a missile once "left" its launching pad "on its own accord" and crashed nearby. The nature of the missile's payload is not known, but Kochemasov's remarks suggest it may have had a nuclear tip since his account takes special note of the fact that its "nose cone" had not been dismantled.

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Another accident involving a submarine-launched nuclear missile has been described in greater detail by *Krasnaya Zvezda*. The article, by Captain M. Khramtsov, a naval officer who was at the scene, provides no date for the incident: "It happened many years ago" is all the author says. It was not reported at the time because "it was not customary to 'upset' society." The accident was precipitated by the submarine commander's failure to follow proper missile maintenance instructions. His mistake led to the "destruction" of a hermetically sealed compartment containing "fuel components." A cloud of smoke was suddenly seen to rise from the submarine. A report was then dispatched stating that "the warhead of the damaged missile has been jettisoned . . . a nuclear bomb is now lying on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean."

A rescue ship at the scene immediately fixed the warhead's position by dropping buoys. Fifteen other Soviet warships converged on the site to look for the lost device. Water samples were collected by personnel attired in chemical protective clothing and wearing gas masks. The USSR's "most prominent specialists" were enlisted in the search for the weapon. It was eventually located and brought to the surface. "Not a single man received an award," noted Khramtsov. Instead, all the participants in the salvage operation were "strictly ordered not to say a word to anyone." The captain of the vessel that lost the warhead was reassigned to shore duty.

Apart from losing warheads, the Soviet Union seems to be having particular difficulties with its early warning radar network. Much of what we know in this area comes from disaffected military men who have been campaigning against dismantling the Krasnoyarsk radar station, a facility that the Soviet Union has acknowledged was built in violation of the ABM Treaty. These officials are also upset by moves to close sister radar stations in Latvia and the Ukraine in order to soothe "inflamed" environmental protesters. Glasnost, it should be noted in assessing the bias of their alarming accounts, is a weapon that can be wielded by conservatives.

The scientist Aleksei Kuzmin, one of the designers of the USSR's ABM and early warning system, has been calling attention to the obstacles involved in safely operating a foolproof missile command system. Failure to use the Krasnoyarsk radar, he said, will leave dangerous "unmonitored" blank spots in radar coverage and complicate the task of discerning an incoming attack. "The most terrible thing for us is if we give our leadership incorrect information. . . . In the event of a mistake it could well lead to a worldwide nuclear catastrophe."

He has a point. The satellite system with which the Soviet military monitors the skies to the northeast "often sounds false alarms," retired General Boris Surikov has said in an interview in *Moscow News*. "I myself witnessed a facility receive such a signal from space: a missile attack against the USSR from the Grand Forks base," he said. "Patches of sunlight were mistaken for American missiles. It's good that the panel had a competent operator who instantly sized up the situation." Surikov stated, "There have been many such false alarms in the USSR."

Colonel Dokuchayev believes that further close calls are likely because of the decision to close the Krasnoyarsk radar station. This step, he says, "will lower the probability of a correct decision," and "technical defects" will bring errors in the Soviet early warning network to a "dangerous level." General Surikov concurs: "The danger of a nuclear catastrophe is not being decreased; it is being increased." General Belous warns that if an incorrect signal of "a missile attack is issued and confirmed, this will be followed by a command to put strategic battle systems on red alert and deliver the first nuclear strike."

For those who favor lending Mikhail Gorbachev a helping hand, the sad state of Soviet strategic forces will provide one more argument for sending food-aid. If it should be sent to anybody, it should be sent to the hungry Soviet rocket men. On the other hand, proponents of the Strategic Defense Initiative are sure to gain credence. With accident-prone Soviets juggling 30,000 nuclear warheads, an impermeable shield might come in handy.

GABRIEL SCHOENFELD, editor of *Soviet Prospects*, is a senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

Can your doctor give you AIDS?

UNKINDEST CUT

By Jon Cohen

The most brambly medical question of the past few years has been who should be tested for the AIDS virus, HIV, and what to do with the test results. For patients, the question was answered: each person can decide, and the results will be held in strict confidence. For physicians and dentists, the question kept getting pushed aside. That all changed recently.

On January 17 the Centers for Disease Control reported that David Acer, a dentist from Stuart, Florida, who died of AIDS complications last September, apparently infected three of his patients with HIV. Until this report, one of Acer's patients, Kimberly Bergalis, was thought to have been the only patient in the United States ever infected by a health care worker. And until the report, the American Dental Association and the American Medical Association both had policies that told HIV-infected members merely to discuss safety issues with colleagues.

The controversy over the discovery prompted a revolution in medical protocol. Now both the ADA and the AMA believe that safety and ethics demand that HIV-infected clinicians who perform invasive medical proce-

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dures divulge their HIV-status publicly, or as the AMA puts it, "err on the side of protecting patients"—which means effectively to stop practicing. In this debate the AMA and ADA have been backed by, among others, *The New York Times* and many understandably anxious patients. According to the AMA and the National Conference of State Legislatures, no jurisdiction has yet passed a law calling for similar restraints, though a handful of bills are floating around. It's hard to see how these proposals can avoid imposing intrusive mandatory HIV-testing on surgeons and dentists.

Somewhat buried in the hysteria on both sides of the debate, however, is a simple question: What's the chance of becoming infected with HIV by an infected physician or dentist during an invasive procedure? So far, the evidence suggests that it's tiny. The CDC knows of 156 dentists or hygienists and forty-two surgeons who have full-blown AIDS; the CDC estimates that there are eight times as many HIV-infected dentists and surgeons. So far, other than the Acer case, *none* of these clinicians has been known to transmit the virus to patients. Tennessee's health department tested 616 patients of a surgeon who died of AIDS complications. The only one who was infected with HIV was an intravenous drug user. The New York State Health Department, which has publicly rejected the new AMA and ADA policies, estimates that your risk of becoming infected by a visit to your HIV-positive doctor or dentist is, at most, one in 100,000, and possibly as remote as one in 1 million.

On February 6 the CDC released a draft report that offers the most comprehensive risk assessment done to date. The report, prepared for a CDC meeting on the issue to be held on February 21 and 22, bases its estimates on HIV-infected dentists and surgeons accidentally breaking their skin. In lab jargon, the report is a SWAG: a scientific wild-ass guess. That said, the CDC estimates that a patient's risk of becoming infected with HIV by an infected dentist is between 1 in 263,158 and 1 in 2,631,579. In the case of an infected surgeon, the risk climbs to 1 in 41,667 and 1 in 416,667. Now factor in the probability that *your* surgeon or dentist is actually infected: the CDC guesstimates that 1 in 370 surgeons and 1 in 133 dentists are infected with the AIDS virus. That makes the chance of being infected by any doctor at least a hundred times smaller again.

Maybe it's easier to make sense of this jumble of data if you compare the risk of catching the virus from an HIV-infected surgeon to other health care-related risks. CDC data say a patient is a mite more likely to die from penicillin or anesthesia—or to become infected with HIV from a transfusion of blood that has been screened for the virus—than to be infected by an HIV-positive surgeon.

If there is a measurable risk in operations, it is, ironically, the transmission from patient to clinicians. To date, the CDC knows of forty cases of such transmissions—thirty-seven more than the number of infections suspected to have traveled from clinician to patient. AMA policy and many state laws, wisely bowing to a patient's right to privacy, require a physician to obtain informed consent before testing for HIV. Yet the clamor for testing surgeons is far greater than that for testing patients.

Remember also that even if you did test all physicians and dentists and banned HIV-positive ones, you still wouldn't eliminate the risk of HIV transmission. Surgeons could test negative one day, be infected that night, and subsequently operate. With the incubation period of the virus, doctors infected a few weeks before the test would not test positive anyway, even if they carry the virus. Stamping surgeons and dentists with the no-HIV seal of approval would give patients a sense of security they cannot reasonably be offered.

Health care workers and gay men long ago began wrestling with the unsettling reality that, when it comes to HIV, it's impossible to live without a minimal level of risk. Now it's time for patients to get acclimatized to the fact that, even with the strictest imaginable regulations, they are still going to visit surgeons and dentists of unknown HIV status.

Precautions are still important, of course. The infinitesimal risks that do exist can still be reduced. Just as safe sex can reduce the spread of the virus, so can safe medicine. Masks, gloves, goggles, sterilized and disinfected instruments are already regular medical procedures and should be strictly followed. There are also new technologies in the works—such as needles that retract into the syringe, reinforced gloves, and suturing thimbles—that could be routinized in operations to provide even more assurance.

The profession also has other recourses to reducing risk, which avoid the privacy-invading course of selective testing and the silly option of banning competent HIV-positive doctors from practice. One suggestion comes from Larry Gostin, head of the American Society of Law and Medicine and a professor at Harvard's School of Public Health. Gostin suggests that we should require the boards that license surgeons and dentists to provide new ethical guidelines for the HIV-positive. Gostin's principle is hard to argue with: "The HIV-infected should not practice seriously invasive procedures where they go inside a body cavity full of blood holding a sharp instrument." There's no guarantee that the licensing limits will work, of course. But these same licensing bodies require clinicians to show up at work sober and alert, something the ethically minded do without the threat of breathalyzer tests.

Ultimately, patients simply have to trust that professionals who are reared on the credo of "first, do no harm" will consult with colleagues, keep up on the literature, and make wise decisions. In other words, precisely what the old AMA and ADA policies called for. If data come out that are more persuasive than what is currently available, we should make adjustments. But until then, a policy that has a detrimental effect on all surgeons and dentists to reduce a miniscule risk by a marginal amount makes no sense at all.

JON COHEN is writing a book on AIDS vaccine research for Delacorte Press.

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OPERATION DESERT NORM

By C. D. B. Bryan

I.

I have read the stories about "Stormin' Norman," the terrible-tempered "Bear" who is a "pussycat" to his family. I have read how this general with the 170 genius-level IQ lulls himself to sleep in his Riyadh quarters listening to Pavarotti and Willie Nelson. I have read of his fluency in French and German; his love for the ballet and opera; and his membership in the International Brotherhood of Magicians. And I am sure, as reported, he has studied T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and that he has *The Kingdom*, Robert Lacey's acclaimed history of Saudi Arabia, on his nightstand. I especially enjoyed the account of how, at his Kuwaiti hosts' insistence, Schwarzkopf several years ago donned Arab robes and later said of the experience, "It was just like the scene in *Lawrence of Arabia* when the British officer's clothes are taken away and replaced by robes, and he waltzes into the desert, intrigued by their feel and grace. I stood in front of the mirror and did the same dance. It was wonderful." When we spoke by phone on February 16, I asked him if that quote had been accurate. "No," he laughed, "I didn't say I did the same dance. I mean, it wasn't exactly a dance. I *will* admit, I stood there and sort of twirled around and let the robes flow."

I can see him doing that. I first met H. Norman Schwarzkopf in October 1971. He was then a 37-year-old lieutenant colonel not long back from completing his second tour of duty in Vietnam. Twice wounded, he had just been released from the Walter Reed Army Medical Center and was recuperating at home in Annandale, Virginia, with his wife, Brenda, and his 2-year-old daughter, Cindy. Schwarzkopf—a large man at six-feet-three-and-a-half inches and, in those days, maybe 225 pounds—looked even more huge in a cast that covered him from his hips to his shoulders.

Seventeen months earlier, on May 28, 1970, Schwarzkopf had been commanding the Americal Division's 1st Battalion of the 6th Infantry Brigade in South Vietnam's Batangan Peninsula when a portion of his battalion's Bravo Company became trapped in a mine field. Bravo's company commander and a lieutenant had both been badly wounded, and a med-evac helicopter had been called for. Schwarzkopf, airborne in his Huey helicopter with Captain Bob Trabbert, his artillery liaison officer, reached the stranded unit first and turned over his Huey to get the wounded out. Schwarzkopf and Trabbert then stayed behind.

The remainder of the patrol was still frozen in the middle of the mine field. Schwarzkopf said the young soldiers were on the edge of panic. Their commanders had been evacuated; they felt leaderless, abandoned. Schwarzkopf told them calmly that they were going to be all right, to walk back out the way they had walked in: "Watch where you put your feet, keep to your old tracks, stay calm, keep your distance."

They had begun to move again when a young soldier a dozen yards from Schwarzkopf stepped on another mine. The explosion punched the kid up into the air and injured Trabbert and Schwarzkopf slightly. They felt the impact, the pain before the young soldier even hit the ground. The boy's right leg was flapping out to one side. "My leg! MY LEG!" he screamed, and Schwarzkopf sensed the men beginning to panic again. He told them to keep still, and called to Trabbert to radio the med-evac helicopter to hurry. The private who had stepped on the mine was screaming and thrashing about on the ground. The men around him were terrified that his flailing would trigger another explosion. Schwarzkopf began inching across the mine field to reach him. He still had twenty feet to go when the private started panicking again. "I'm going to die! We're all going to die!"

Schwarzkopf's legs began to shake uncontrollably. His knees were suddenly so watery that he had to reach down and grip them until they stilled. Perspiration stung his eyes. The men were watching him, waiting for him to move again. To his astonishment, Schwarzkopf said, he suddenly thought of the sign on Harry Truman's White House desk: "The buck stops here."

The kid was whimpering, "I don't want to die! You've got to get me out of here."

"I'll get you out," Schwarzkopf said. "Just keep still. You're all right."

Five feet . . . three feet . . . Schwarzkopf gently lowered himself across the wounded boy's body to keep him still. "I don't want you to move around," Schwarzkopf told him. "We're going to have to set that leg."

C. D. B. BRYAN, the author of *Friendly Fire*, is writing a book about a child abuse case.

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INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION

Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail having any truck with Jimmy Swaggart's weird motel bills or Tammy Bakker's real-life impersonations of Imelda Marcos, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Simone Weil, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and T.S. Eliot.

An ecumenical and literary monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively" and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky." And there's no denying the *Library Journal*'s verdict that we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

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Schwarzkopf needed a splint and spotted a small, waist-high tree back where he had left Trabbert and three other men. Schwarzkopf called to them to cut some splints from the tree. Trabbert pulled out his sheath knife and passed it to one of the men. The soldier took one step toward the tree and triggered another mine.

Schwarzkopf was horrified. Trabbert had taken the full force of the explosion. His left leg was blown off, an arm broken backward so that the bone of the elbow socket showed, and a great hole was gouged in his head. He would survive, but the three other men were killed instantly.

For having crossed the mine field to rescue the wounded private, Schwarzkopf was awarded his third Silver Star. He says he had no other choice. It was his responsibility. And by being there in the mine field taking care of the boy instead of with Trabbert, his life was saved. "But you live with those things," he said. "You become terribly fatalistic in combat."

I was interviewing Schwarzkopf for *Friendly Fire*, the book I was writing about an Iowa family whose 25-year-old son was killed by a howitzer shell fired by his own supporting artillery in Vietnam. Michael Mullen had been a sergeant in Charlie Company, one of the infantry companies in Schwarzkopf's battalion. I had gone to see Schwarzkopf because Michael's parents were wrongly convinced he was responsible for their son's death.

The term "friendly fire" has been in the news a lot lately. What Schwarzkopf said then about Mullen's death holds true for those other young men killed by friendly fire in the Gulf war: "Michael's death was a terrible, terrible tragedy," he told me. "A tragedy typical of a profane thing called war—maybe 'typical' isn't the word. It isn't a daily occurrence. It's a unique thing that happens on a very occasional basis. But it happens!" Schwarzkopf paused and rubbed his brow. "Try to think of it this way: Michael was killed due to an error. It was a tragedy that Michael was killed. But I don't think it was an error of deliberate negligence."

Mullen's death deeply distressed Schwarzkopf—as did the death of any soldier who served under him. In fact, twenty years ago he was clearly distressed about the entire Vietnam experience. Late that first night he said to me, "I *hate* what Vietnam has done to our country! I *hate* what Vietnam has done to our Army! The government sends you off to fight its war. It's not *your* war, it's the government's war. You go off and fight not only once, but twice, OK? And suddenly, a decision is made, 'Well, look, you guys were all wrong. You're a bunch of dirty bastards! You never should have been there!' Now this is going to make me think long and hard before I go off to war again. This is me, Norm Schwarzkopf, personally. . . . And when they get ready to send me again, I'm going to have to stop and ask myself, 'Is it worth it?' "

It was an extraordinary comment for a young West Point lieutenant colonel with three Silver Stars. Overnight he must have realized it, too. The next morning it was one of the first things he mentioned after we had again sat down. "Let me clarify that," he said. "If I decide to remain in the service and the government orders me to go, I will go. I don't see how I can refuse unless I felt so strongly about it that my only alternative was to resign from the Army." Schwarzkopf paused for a moment. "We can get into a very subtle discussion here of conscience and duty, the Nuremberg trials, the Japanese war criminals, etc. What is moral? What is immoral? Where does duty stop and morality begin? Are we now saying that the military is supposed to question the morality of our government's commitment to war? I don't know. . . . If we allow the military to question whether or not to go, then it seems to me we also have to look at the other side of the coin: What if the government decides *not* to go? Do we allow the military the right to criticize this decision? . . . See, the military is required to follow the orders given it by the government. How they pursue it is another question—and here is where you get into civilian casualties, war crimes, atrocities, ovens, and all that business. . . . If it ever came to a choice between compromising my moral principles and the performance of my duties, I know I'd go with my moral principles. At the same time, however, I would also cease being an Army officer. I would have to resign my commission. But even at that I could be accomplishing my duty as I see it."

Where did this man come from? H. Norman Schwarzkopf was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on August 22, 1934. His father, Herbert Norman Schwarzkopf, was the son of German immigrants who spoke no English in the home. (Schwarzkopf senior so hated "Herbert" that he gave his son the initial, but not the name.) Schwarzkopf senior graduated from West Point and, at his son's birth, was head of the New Jersey State Police, overseeing the conviction and execution of Bruno Hauptman for the kidnap-murder of Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh's baby. He later hosted the old radio show "Gangbusters" before returning to active duty with the Army during World War II. It is hard to know how great an influence the father had on the son, but Schwarzkopf told me, "A lot of my love of country stemmed from my father. My dad was a genuine public servant who had a deep and abiding love for his country, and he wanted to serve."

In 1946, 12-year-old H. Norman Schwarzkopf went to Iran to join his father, who was training that country's police. (In 1953 he was instrumental in the coup that overthrew Iran's Prime Minister Mossadegh and restored the Shah to his throne.) The young Schwarzkopf lived in Iran for a year, in Germany for two years, and then in Italy for a year before he was 17. At West Point he wrestled and played tennis and football; he conducted the chapel choir and graduated in the top 10 percent of his class of 1956 both academically (43rd out of 480) and militarily (he was a captain, the highest cadet rank one could attain). Upon graduation he was commissioned a second lieutenant, entered active duty, and soon afterward almost resigned.

"I had an alcoholic commander," he explained. "I had an executive officer who was a coward. I saw terrible things going on around me and I said, 'Who needs it?

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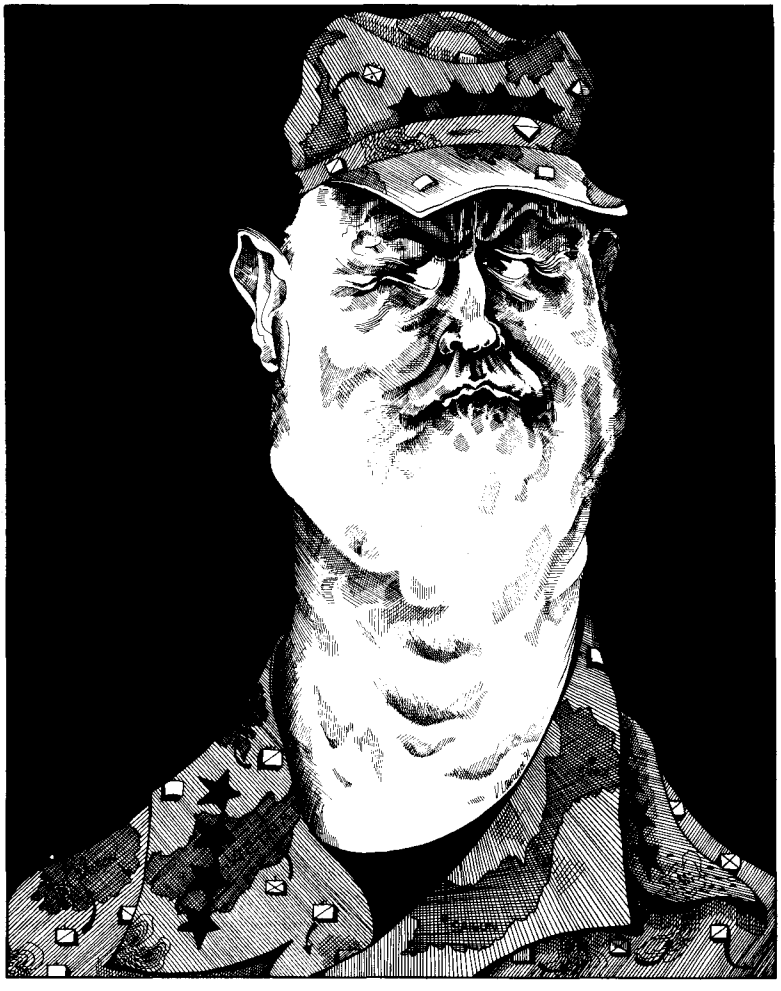
When my three years are up, I'm getting out!' But a very sage guy sat me down and said, 'Young man, you know, if all the guys who see these bad things happening quit, then all the guys who don't think these things are so bad are going to be doing them later on. If you really think it's that bad, why don't you stick around until someday you get into a position to do something about it?"

In 1984, when I next saw H. Norman Schwarzkopf, he was in "a position to do something about it." He was a major general in command of the 24th Infantry Division (Mech) at Fort Stewart, Georgia. Commanding an American combat division is a plum assignment. Only sixteen generals get it. Speaking of the fun of being a general, he said, "Now I can fix all those things out there in my domain that I think are broken." And then he laughed and added, "At the same time, you hope your judgment is good, because there are a lot of other generals that have gone around thinking they were fixing things, and they were just breaking them like crazy!"



H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

We were sitting in his quarters enjoying an after-dinner whiskey, and, not surprisingly, conversation had turned to the Vietnam War. His first tour in Vietnam had been as a young captain/major assigned to the South Vietnamese Airborne battalion as a task force adviser. It was in 1965-66, the very heat of battle, and Schwarzkopf and the Vietnamese Airborne had been in the middle of it. "We fought for almost every day of every month for thirteen months," he said. Schwarzkopf was proud of his unit, and of his own service. "I really thought we had done something good, just like George Washington," he said. "I had gone and fought for Freedom."

Upon completing that tour Schwarzkopf flew out of Vietnam practically non-stop to New York. He was 32 years old and in uniform—"because," he said, "I was this soldier coming home from war." But there were no parades, no crowds to greet him. The terminal was empty. He grabbed his duffel bag, walked out into the early morning fog, and hopped in a helicopter to Newark. He expected the cab driver who was taking him to his mother's home in East Orange to see his uniform and say, "Oh! Are you just back from Vietnam?" But the driver didn't say a thing. And when Schwarzkopf said, "Sure is great to be back in the U.S. again!" the driver didn't even ask, "Where have you been?"

By 1969, when Schwarzkopf was sent to Vietnam a second time, he was married to Brenda. He served as a battalion commander with the Americal Division and returned in 1970. "And this time when I came home," he said, "not only was I not getting greeted and flowers thrown on me and loved—except for Brenda, who was happy to see me—this time, when I came back the uniform was spit upon and people were calling me a baby burner." Schwarzkopf gave several speeches before civic organizations, and people in the audience, he told me, would stand up and ask, "What about the babies you napalmed? What about the villages you burned?" Television was depicting the career military officer as "a Neanderthal," he said, "who with blind, unquestioning obedience burned villages and killed babies. And what made it so difficult was the fact that *I hadn't done any of that!*"

"Everyone who went to Vietnam and came home, after it was over, has had to come to his personal accommodation for that experience," Schwarzkopf said. He compared it to undergoing surgery for cancer: "When it's all over you've got the scar, number one; and number two, you're not really ever sure that you got it all out of your system. You never know when it's going to rear its ugly head again. But if you're going to live your life, you're going to have to learn to live with that. But I have to tell you, I was undergoing tremendous peaks and valleys to arrive at my own accommodation for my life. There were times when I was tempted to just bail out and go build myself a cabin in the wilderness and commune with nature. . . ."

The critical moment for him, he said, came not long after we had first spoken. It was the spring of 1972, the year before the last American troops left Vietnam; the Schwarzkopfs were still living in their Annandale apart-

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ment. "My sister Sally—whom I love dearly, we are very, very close—came over one night with a magnum of excellent wine," he said. "And Sally and Brenda and I were consuming this vast quantity of wonderful wine and the TV was sort of on. It was the worst kind of war picture, totally contrived, with no realism in the whole thing." The soldiers in the movie had come to a mine field and started across; Schwarzkopf was watching it out of the corner of his eye. "You just knew any damn minute some damn mine was going to go off," he said, "something you had been through a thousand times in real life, and all of a sudden the mine went off and people were blowing up in the mine field." Schwarzkopf immediately became drenched with sweat. "It was a terrible experience for me to see that, and my sister started asking me why I was having such an awful response."

"I started trying to explain to her the emotionalism of this thing," he said. "All the—the, my God, what we had gone through. And how we'd come back from the war and it wasn't appreciated. And then Sally, this sister who I truly love, started saying, 'Well, you have to understand the other side of this thing.' " Despite her support for her brother, Sally was opposed to the war and suggested that the protesters demonstrating against the American presence in Vietnam had a point, that perhaps they were right. "And I *burst into tears!*" Schwarzkopf told me. "Here was my own flesh and blood doubting. I was in tears that she could even *dare* take the other side."

He told his sister to get out of his house; and Sally, also in tears, kept asking, "Why are you throwing me out of the house?" And Schwarzkopf was yelling, "Goddamn it! If you can even think that about our service there!"

The next morning Schwarzkopf woke up thinking to himself, "You were wrong, Norm Schwarzkopf, you were dead wrong!" He called his sister and apologized, and she of course said she was sorry too. And he came to the conclusion that this anger, his frustration, his grief, his confusion over his service in Vietnam could consume him. "I recognized that . . . whatever it was eating me away could absolutely destroy me if I didn't get a handle on it. In hindsight, from a personal, emotional standpoint, that was probably a major turning point for me."

Another occurred on Sunday, October 23, 1983.

II.

Schwarzkopf had spent that Sunday bass fishing near Fort Stewart. "I had promised a lot of people that I was a magnificent fisherman," he said, "and I hadn't caught very many fish since I'd been here. So I came home and announced to my family, 'Eureka! Tonight I'm cooking dinner. I am going to take these bass and give you a beautiful Southern fried bass dinner with corn meal.' And I had covered all the bass with corn meal, and I had just dunked the first fillets in the frying pan when the telephone rang. It was the Deputy Chief of Staff of Operations from [Army] Forces [of the Atlantic] Command in Atlanta. And he said to me, 'What is it you think you're going to be doing for the next three weeks?' "

Schwarzkopf smiled. "Ever been asked a question like that? That really sets your head to spinning very quickly. I told him what I thought I would be doing and he said, 'You're probably not going to be doing that. You've been selected for a special mission.' "

"I said, 'What am I going to be doing?' "

"And he said, 'I can't tell you that.' "

"I said, 'Where am I going to be?' "

"And he said, 'I can't tell you that, but since I now know what your availability is, your selection has to be cleared. I'll call you back in a couple of hours and let you know.' "

Schwarzkopf said, "Suddenly I had no appetite at all. You've got to remember the day before they had blown up the Marine barracks in Beirut, so every thought in my mind was Lebanon."

Twenty-four hours later he was on the aircraft carrier *Guam.* There had been a bloody coup in Grenada four days earlier, and Maurice Bishop, the popular, charismatic, legitimate prime minister, had been placed under house arrest (and in fact, unknown to us, killed) by General Hudson Austin, the military commander, and Bernard Coard, the radical deputy prime minister.

Schwarzkopf had been told only that he would be engaging in a predominately Navy commanded exercise, and that he had been selected to advise the Navy commander, Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf III, of the proper utilization of the Army forces. He had also been warned that the Navy didn't really feel there was a need for him, and that he might not be too welcome when he got there.

"We were floating around somewhere out in the middle of the Caribbean and we still didn't know if the Grenada rescue operation was going to take place. It was about 7 p.m. . . . [when] we got the orders to go. We sent messages out to everybody that, OK, it's a go, tomorrow morning at 5 a.m. it's going to happen. And I went out and I was standing on the flight deck and the ship was kind of tossing a little bit, the wind was blowing in my face, and I thought, *Grenada!* The United States of America is about to launch a military operation into Grenada and I'm involved. And, of course, a lot of the Vietnam memories came rushing back: What am I getting into here? Why is the U.S. going into Grenada? What are we doing? What are our strategic interests in Grenada?

"And then I thought, 'Hey, Schwarzkopf'—and you will probably never believe this, but I thought of that conversation we had had years ago about 'immoral wars' and whether an Army officer should stand up and say this is an immoral war and, therefore, I choose not to fight this one. And I thought, this is sort of the bottom line, the very crux of the difference between being an Army officer and being in some other line of work. I took an oath that said I would obey the lawful orders of my commanding officers, one of whom is the president of the United States. After—at that time—twenty-eight years in the U.S. Army, of having my salary paid and my children clothed, of having a roof over my head and rising to the rank of major general, do I now have an

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option to say, 'Hey, before I commit myself to this thing, I'd like to talk about it a bit more'?"

I asked Schwarzkopf what he had thought he was getting into. "I didn't really know," he said. "I knew we were going in to free the [American] students. But I didn't know how we were going to be greeted by the Grenadan people. I certainly didn't know how the American people were going to take it. Or Congress. But . . . my orders were very clear to me, and I honestly don't think you have the right as an Army officer to consider that you have an option. Now *don't* misunderstand me," he said, "because the other image that comes back to me is 'I was only doing my duty. They gave me my orders and I went out and mowed down the Jews.' That is obviously an immoral act, and if someone told me to do something like that I would refuse the order fully recognizing that I would be turning in my 'suit' the next day."

The Grenada operation was, he said, "a highly successful military operation by any measure." It clearly was a success for him. He so impressed the Grenada invasion force commander, Vice Admiral Metcalf, that in two days he went from being somewhat of an uninvited guest to Metcalf's deputy task force commander.

"The object was to go in with what really started as a relatively unconventional operation," Schwarzkopf told me. "It was going to be quick in, quick and dirty: we were going to isolate the two airfields, we were going to get in on top of all those critical buildings"—the government buildings, the radio station, the prison where Bishop was believed held, etc.—"take them all and say, 'That's it, it's over with.' And at the end of Day One, the whole exercise was going to be done. But what started as a highly unconventional, surgical in nature operation went sour right away. And it went sour because of the assumption that the Cubans weren't going to fight. We had 800 Cubans on the island who were well armed and damn sure *were* going to fight."

It was also assumed that the anti-aircraft weapons on the island would be largely ineffective and that, therefore, helicopter movement would be relatively unhampered. And it was believed that the guns were antiquated quad-30mms, that the gunners were untrained, and that their morale was poor. But as the invading American forces—among them the special strike teams—soon discovered, many of the gunners had been trained in Cuba; they were brave and highly disciplined; not only did they remain at their posts in the face of withering fire from U.S. helicopter gunships, they fired back.

"One of the criticisms everybody has is, 'Oh, my God, you ended up with 6,000 Americans in there and only 800 Cubans, it seems to me you should have rolled over them!' " Schwarzkopf said. "If it had been a conventional battle, where we were using artillery, fighting conventional tactics without regard to civilian casualties and collateral damage, we probably would have. . . . I could have rolled into Grenada with my mechanized armor division, my overwhelming division artillery; I could have hit the beach with LSTs, rolled my tanks off, cranked up my artillery, and blown St. George's off the map. . . . 'Sure, a few civilian casualties here and there, what the hell, you know? We're fighting for *freedom!*' I could have had the whole thing tied up in a neat little bundle in an hour, maybe an hour and a half. But that wasn't the nature of the operation, and it obviously would have been a terrible thing to do."

Three other incidents from Schwarzkopf's conversation about Grenada stand out in my mind. First, how fact can follow fantasy: U.S. Army helicopter pilots, influenced by Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now,* strung loudspeakers to their landing struts and invaded the island with Wagner's *Die Walküre* blasting from the amplifiers. Second, that flying toward the island himself, Schwarzkopf, seeing a crudely lettered message painted in red on a soccer field and fully expecting it to say, "Yankees Go Home," was surprised to see that it read, "GOD BLESS AMERICA!" And third, upon his return to Fort Stewart, how moved he was that a small group had gathered at the airfield to welcome him.

The Army band was there; his wife, Brenda, the children, and his black Labrador "Bear" were there; as were his enlisted aide, some of the privates he shot skeet with, some members of his staff, and their wives and children. "Johnny was coming home from war again and I had expected to come home just the same way I came home from war the last two times: no big deal. It was going to be routine. But the airplane landed, the band was out there, and there were big signs saying, "WELCOME HOME," and I walked out of the airplane and everybody started cheering and my wife and kids ran up and hugged me, and I didn't understand what was going on! Isn't that crazy? Do you see what I'm saying? But I've got to tell you, when it finally dawned on me, it was probably one of the greatest thrills I have ever had in my entire life." That night Schwarzkopf told me that if he had returned from Grenada to an American press that had been violently anti-Grenada, an American people that were violently anti-Grenada, he didn't think he could have handled it.

Schwarzkopf's black Labrador came in and lay his big head on the general's lap. He stroked the dog's head idly. Then he took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "When you commit military forces," he said, "you ought to know what you want that force to do. You can't kind of say, 'Go out and pacify the entire countryside.' There has got to be a more specific definition of exactly what you want that force to accomplish. In Grenada the objective was very clear. . . ." He paused for a moment, and then he continued: "But when I hearken back to Vietnam, I have never been able to find anywhere where we have been able to clearly define in precise terms what the ultimate objectives of our military were.

"It is very important," he said, "that if we commit again to any kind of battle that we are sure we understand the ramifications of what happens if we *do* accomplish our objectives. It is conceivable that we could want to demonstrate our resolve in an area, but be unable to arrive at a set of military objectives that would satisfactorily accomplish them. And if that's the case, then you

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should not commit the military. There may be other ways to do it. . . . We should not just go ahead and throw them in 'to show our resolve' because it could be that we end up losing, failing in our initial objective, which was to show resolve."

III.

It is an indication of General H. Norman Schwarzkopf's thoughtfulness and thoroughness that five days before Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, he and his U.S. Central Command staff had run an exercise predicated on that very scenario.

When we spoke on February 16 I asked him how the reality of Operation Desert Storm has differed from the war game plan. "At that time," he said, "Iraq had an extremely large military force—some said the fourth largest, others the sixth depending on how you want to count it. And we gave them credit for being ten feet tall and sometimes twenty feet tall in certain areas. The reality that has surprised us probably more than any other is that they're nowhere near as tough as we gave them credit. You know how I feel about military operations: never underestimate your enemy. It goes right back to the mistake we made in Grenada. . . . I never underestimate the enemy after that experience. I look at his capabilities and assume he has them until we find out differently."

Unlike in Vietnam, the military objectives in the Gulf are clearly defined: if the Iraqi forces do not withdraw from Kuwait, the coalition forces are to eject them. "One of the reasons why we are pursuing the battle the way we are is because it's very important we understand that we don't want to win the war and lose the peace. That's why we're in this coalition. That's why the rules of engagement we have are such. That's why what we are trying to accomplish is, I would say, limited in objective rather than unlimited from the standpoint of wreaking mass destruction upon the entire nation of Iraq."

I asked the general about Iraq's Revolutionary Command Council statement of February 15 expressing a willingness to discuss its withdrawal from Kuwait if numerous conditions of its own were met. Schwarzkopf responded, "The only thing new in the offer was that for the first time since, I guess, the third of August, the 'W-word' was mentioned. That, to me, is the only significant thing that happened. I will freely admit, in the hearts of a lot of people around here there was a little bit of hope. A *lot* of hope. But also, based on the continuous series of lies we've heard out of Iraq and Saddam Hussein, there was so much skepticism here that I didn't allow myself to become overjoyed by this whole thing. And it pretty well turned out to be what I thought it would be: there were so many conditions attached that it wasn't any kind of offer at all. That doesn't say that deep in my heart we're not all hoping that this thing can be over and over very quickly. But at the present time we're just continuing to march as we've marched before." He added, "However, I am quite confident that if the Iraqis make an unconditional withdrawal from Kuwait—which is what the U.N. resolution called for, and that's what the president of the United States has said is our objective—I think in a heartbeat the war would stop."

Norm Schwarzkopf has been preparing for Operation Desert Storm command all his life. With him in Saudi Arabia is the 24th Infantry Division he formerly led. It is a mechanized division specifically designed for the sort of open terrain tank warfare it now faces. I asked him whether, if the war ended without him having the opportunity to utilize his ground forces, he would be disappointed.

"Not in the least!" he said vehemently. "I don't want to kill one more American! I don't want to see one more American die—be it from an accident or from battle. There's no bloodlust on the part of myself or anybody else around here. What we want to do is to accomplish the objectives of this whole thing, get it over as quickly as we can, and get back home. And, I tell you, that's the attitude of everybody from the top general down to the lowest private."

His response made me think of the soldiers in that previous war and how often that phrase about getting it over as quickly as possible and getting back home surfaced in their letters from Vietnam. There is one big difference, though: "The troops' morale over here is very, very high," Schwarzkopf told me. "They feel good about what they're doing over here. There's absolutely no question but that the reason why they feel that way is because they know they have the support of the overwhelming majority of the American people. . . . And, of course, feeling good about themselves helps them to do their job better and it helps them to put up with all the suffering they've had to put up with."

After we had hung up I rooted out the parcel Schwarzkopf had sent me after I saw him at Fort Stewart seven years before. Among its contents, I remembered, was a bound series of lectures on generalship given as part of an Art of War Colloquium held at the U.S. Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. The collection opened with the following quote from an A. von Bogulawski:

> For what art can surpass that of the general—an art which deals not with dead matter but with living beings, who are subject to every impression of the moment, such as fear, precipitation, exhaustion—in short, to every human passion and excitement. The general not only has to reckon with unknown quantities, such as time, weather, accidents of all kinds, but he has before him one who seeks to disturb and frustrate his plans and labours in every way; and at the same time this man, upon whom all eyes are directed, feels upon his mind the weight of responsibility not only for the lives and honor of hundreds of thousands, but even for the welfare and existence of his country.

In a recent *Washington Post* interview Schwarzkopf said, "Every waking and sleeping moment, my nightmare is the fact that I will give an order that will cause countless numbers of human beings to lose their lives. I don't want my troops to die. I don't want my troops to be maimed. It's an intensely personal, emotional thing for me. Any decision you have to make that involves the loss of human life is nothing you do lightly. I agonize over it."

I believe him. ●

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Gem, and Others

When Károly Makk's **Love** was released here in 1973, I was one of those who called it a treasure. I had a proprietary interest in this Hungarian film because Lili Darvas, the actress who played the key role of a bedridden old woman, was a beloved friend. (She lived in New York but had returned to Budapest, her native city, for this picture.) I felt that *Love*, in addition to its intrinsic beauties, justified the very existence of cinema. Every good film is such a justification, of course, but this one was especially precious to me because it preserved an example of Lili Darvas's art.

Love wasn't much of a success. Darvas and Mari Töröcsik, who plays her daughter-in-law, had won prizes at the Cannes festival of 1971, and there were other awards; still, *Love* didn't come here immediately. When it arrived, it was generally well reviewed, yet soon disappeared. A few years ago Joseph Papp's film theater ran a Makk retrospective that included a splendid fresh print of *Love*. Otherwise it has appeared only infrequently in revival houses. A 16mm print was rentable if you happened to know the people who owned it—for some reason, it vanished from the catalogs—and I showed it often in film courses. Always and unfailingly there was the same result: those who were seeing it for the first time were overwhelmed and were also outraged that such a wonderful work had been kept from them, sealed in a cold vault by commerce.

Now, to my surprise and joy, *Love* is on videotape, made from an excellent print and subtitled clearly. Now it is freed from that vault, and any of us can have it when we like. That this is a commonplace paradox by now—hundreds of fine films that did little at the box office are now on tape—doesn't in the slightest diminish my happiness in this case. The appearance of *Love* on tape is, for me, a justification of the existence of the VCR, just as the original justified cinema itself. The usual complaints about tapes don't figure here: the reduced image is excellently graded in its black-and-white range, and the frame is unaltered. Without qualification, this tape is a blessing. It's available from Connoisseur Video Collection, 8436 W. 3rd Street, Suite 600, Los Angeles, California 90048; (213) 653-8873; $59.95 plus shipping. That seems little enough for a masterpiece.

I reviewed the film at length (TNR, April 7, 1973) and will note here only an aspect that is underscored every time I see it. *Love* is a perfect example of political art. (Equal emphasis on both words.) Tibor Déry's screenplay, derived from two of his stories, is about a dying old woman, who still has about her an air of Franz Josef elegance; her daughter-in-law, who visits her daily and supplies her with fake letters from her son in America; and the son, who is in fact a political prisoner in Budapest. (The time is presumably the late 1950s.) Makk, his cinematographer, János Tóth, his composer, András Milhály, his editor, György Sivó—all of them superb—have concentrated intensely on the kinds of love that exist among these three people and how love is affected by the climate in which one dares to have hopes about it. The film is a cry against tyranny from innermost privacies. By concentrating on three people and their feelings, it presents a world and its history.

A little more than a year after *Love* was released here, Lili Darvas died. Still, after viewing this tape, that statement seems somehow incorrect.

In one way Steve Martin resembles Woody Allen: he's a better writer than actor. Just once that I can remember (in *Roxanne*), Martin's performance was good enough for the material that he himself provided. But he fumbles his self-made chances yet again in **L.A. Story** (TriStar).

Satire about Los Angeles is like ice in Antarctica—it goes with the territory. At least Martin has a fairly novel approach: he satirizes Southern California from within, instead of as a visitor comparing it with, for instance, oh-so-sane New York. The protagonist is a "wiggy" (his word) TV weatherman, and there really isn't a story. It's all just a series of loosely connected skits about Hollywood tribal customs, built around Martin's encounters with women, one of whom—English—hits him especially hard.

Some of the subjects spoofed are: shootings on the freeway, difficulties in getting reservations at "in" restaurants, the rite of the greeting-kiss, and electronic traffic signs. (Martin finds a sign that converses with him and prophesies changes in his life.) Woven into the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The End of Innocence. *Forgive the trite script—about a woman damaged by emotional abuse who recovers through therapy—and you can enjoy Dyan Cannon's performance, plus her directing debut. (Reviewed 2/11/91)* **The Godfather: Part III.** *It's not unbearably worse than the first two films about this very rich family of moral degenerates. (1/21/91)* **The Silence of the Lambs.** *The screenplay unravels, but Anthony Hopkins, as a suave psychiatrist who is also a cannibalistic killer, is impressive—as are Jonathan Demme's direction and Tak Fujimoto's lighting. (2/18/91)* **The Vanishing.** *A highly intelligent, excellently made thriller, from the Dutch director George Sluizer. The suspense is not in who did it, but why. And what will follow from it. Exceptional. (3/4/91)* **—SK**

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script more or less unobtrusively are quotations from *As You Like It*, *Richard II*, and the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*. The rationale behind these Shakespeare spoofs is no more substantial than anything else in the picture.

Typical gag: Martin is being taken somewhere by the Englishwoman who has just arrived in Los Angeles. She is driving on the left side of the street. Another car comes down the street toward them. Martin screams, "You're on the wrong side!" She says sweetly, "I don't think he can hear you."

She is Victoria Tennant, who has an insufficient upper lip but some charm. There's a particularly neat performance from Sarah Jessica Parker as a brainless but engaging physical culture type named SanDee. But Martin himself still seems to be filling in at run-throughs for the real star who couldn't make rehearsals.

Julia Roberts needs help. She showed in *Pretty Woman* that she is, in all the old comfy senses, a star. She now shows in **Sleeping with the Enemy** (20th Century-Fox) that her sense of script selection is wobbly. It's the sort of picture that turns up in the long filmographies of a Joan Crawford or a Bette Davis from the busy 1930s and 1940s when the odd disaster slipped in among the other three or four pictures a year. These days, when each venture is isolated and prominent, each takes up more attention and a greater chunk of the star's career than in the past.

The screenplay by Ronald Bass, based on a Nancy Price novel, is about the young wife of a handsome, very rich sadist who possesses her in several senses and beats her savagely when she displeases him. She contrives an escape from their luxe Cape Cod home and holes up in a Midwestern town under another name. Right next door is a sympathetic young man who teaches drama at a local college. But eventually the husband tracks her down.

Joseph Ruben, who directed the nitty-gritty *True Believer*, turns on the star glamour for Roberts. In the opening shot she is clamming in the red Cape Cod dawn. Later, in the drama teacher's theater, she stands on a stage as he changes lights around her, makes a star-spangled sky appear behind her, and lets snowflakes fall. And she gets to try on a lot of period hats, all showing off her beauty in various ways.

She has it, all right. And she has sufficient talent to see her through—if she gets a helping hand. Clark Gable once thanked the heads of his studio for making him a star. Roberts has no studio. Help from some other source is, I hope, en route. ●

Eliot and the Jews: A personal confession.

An Exercise in Memory

By Irving Howe

We all know what cultivated people think about literary anti-Semitism. We say that great writers can be dreadful people, and that the twentieth century offers some choice examples. We add that Jews can also do bad things, such as talking about blacks in the way that gentiles can talk about Jews. And if we are very civilized, we recognize that Jews are likely to be especially, "understandably" sensitive about racial barbs. In any case—now comes the resigned shrug—anti-Semitism is so deeply ingrained in Western culture, even the best writers may succumb to it. (But must they? George Eliot didn't, James Joyce didn't.) And then we wonder how it is possible that writers we admire for their sensitivity, their warmth of responsiveness, can also indulge in anti-Semitic vulgarities.

What drives them—some competitive rage, some feelings of social dispossession, some fear of "the Other"? I came upon a possible clue while reading *Warrenpoint*, Denis Donoghue's recent autobiography. He describes an incident in which Virginia Woolf, sharing a taxi with T. S. Eliot, put to him the terrible question: "What is the worst thing, quite the worst?" Eliot, who had reason to know, answered: "Humiliation." To which Donoghue keenly adds: "I suppose the terrible thing about humiliation is the certainty that one is indeed a proper object of ridicule. While it is happening we can't feel that it will pass, that it's only a wretched moment." In the recesses of the victim's mind there must always be lurking a fear that he or she is "indeed a proper object of ridicule." A writer of high refinement—the elegant lady devoted to pure literature, the cosmopolitan European claiming the heritage of the West—can share with the street thug a wish to humiliate a stranger simply because he is a Jew (or an Asian or a black or an Arab). Evidently it gives pleasure to make some people feel that "the ridicule will not pass."

Over the years we have improvised some rough categories for the analysis of literary anti-Semitism. There is the nervous hauteur of patrician writers who feel that the social ground is crumbling beneath them, and there is the sullen primitivism of plebeians who resent anything that seems unfamiliar. The patrician Henry Adams wrote that Jews "make me creep" and that the atmosphere in Washington was "a Jew atmosphere." America, he moaned, was becoming "a society of Jews and brokers, a world made up of maniacs wild for gold." The plebeian Theodore Dreiser wrote that "if you listen to Jews discussing Jews, you will find that they are money-minded, very pagan, very sharp in practice. . . ." Apparently there is some agreement between top and bottom: each is fixated on an image of Shylock.

Still, as I recall the years when I first approached the literary life of New York, which was then partly centered around *Partisan Review*, neither Adams nor Dreiser struck one as especially threatening. Adams, as he himself seems to have suspected, was a little nutty on the subject of the Jews, while Dreiser, when not writing novels, was the sort of ignoramus you could run into at any bar. Such received bigotry seemed inseparable from the culture of gentile America after the Civil War, and I knew no one who thought it likely that we would reach a time when this country would be free of the contaminations of bias. That, we felt, was simply the way things were; and anyway America had greater evils than anti-Semitism.

What did cause us pain—I speak here, uneasily, about the Jewish writers starting to publish in the late 1930s and early 1940s—were the passages about Jews in the work of the great modernist writers like Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. About Pound, there were no problems. In the postwar years we went after him hammer and tongs. He had broadcast for the Italian Fascists during the Second World War, he had been openly anti-Semitic, and at least as a political thinker he figured as a provincial yokel to be treated with disdain. But if we roared like lions when attacking Pound, we mewed like pussycats when it came to Eliot. For Eliot was a poet greatly admired and a critic

Irving Howe's *Selected Writings: 1950-1990* was recently published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

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greatly respected. Eliot, as Delmore Schwartz called him, was our "culture hero." We failed to find—this is a judgment of retrospect—a coherent and dignified public response to the troubling passages about Jews that lie scattered in Eliot's work, passages far less virulent than those of Pound but quite bad enough.

Memory, of course, can be treacherous, but about this matter I believe my memory to be clear, and if I am mistaken there are friends who will hasten to correct me. I recall vividly several conversations with Philip Rahv, then the leading editor of *Partisan Review*, in which he denounced Eliot as an anti-Semite—and Rahv was notably gifted at denunciation. I recall quieter conversations with Delmore Schwartz, then a leading New York poet, who also criticized Eliot's writings about Jews, though with stress on the pain that these caused him as an admirer of the poet's work. Schwartz located Eliot's attitudes toward Jews in a mixture of provincial American insecurities and acquired English snobberies, the latter a decorative overlay on the former.

So far as I can discover, however, neither the fierce polemicist Rahv nor the learned poet Schwartz published anything substantial on this matter, even though in the literary life of the *Partisan Review* group Eliot occupied a central place. Schwartz wrote three excellent essays on Eliot, but none mentions the anti-Semitism that he deplored in conversation. As for Rahv, in a symposium in *Commentary* in 1949, he did say that anti-Semitism "is integral to the kind of religiosity professed by writers like T. S. Eliot," but then he added, "This can be said quite apart from the question of whether Mr. Eliot is personally infected with anti-Semitic feelings; that is not the issue." Sorry, old friend, it certainly is the issue. Anti-Semitism could not have crept into Eliot's work except insofar as he was "personally infected." How much more forthright, in the same symposium, was a remark by Martin Greenberg: "Full participation and integration [he was quoting from *Commentary*'s opening statement] in a literary tradition is not one of the Rights of Man; it is not only Shylock and Fagin who debar me from it, but my own consciousness of being a Jew." It took some time before most of us could say anything so exactly right.

The matter of Eliot and anti-Semitism is peculiarly difficult, since with a single exception his feelings about Jews do not emerge as blunt declaration, but are woven into some of his best poems. Such famous lines as "the Jew squats on the window-sill, the owner / Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp" (in the *Collected Poems* of 1936 "the Jew" appears as "the jew") and "The rats are underneath the piles / the Jew is underneath the lot" (also lower-case "jew" in the 1936 collection) link the Jews with the social and moral squalor that Eliot found characteristic of modern life.

There is always the possibility, seized upon by some critics, to place, or even to justify, such lines as dramatic speech attributed to a fictional persona who should not, or at least need not, be identified with the author. But there is also a commonsense recognition that such a critical maneuver easily becomes a way of evading the likelihood that the poetic "speaker" (especially in poems where we hear no other voice) does indeed speak for the poet. In some instances it is hard to judge, and that is where a sense of critical tact should come into play. My own view is that these passages about Jews are too strategically located in Eliot's poems to be regarded as merely incidental or as dramatic representations from which the poet can legitimately dissociate himself.

This, however, is a problem in literary criticism, which for the moment is not my main interest. My main interest is the response of Jewish literary people to writers who indulge in or brush against anti-Semitism. It was the fashion some years ago to say that we need not be concerned with the personal beliefs of writers, deplorable as these may sometimes be; those beliefs, it was said, become troublesome only if they form a significant presence in the writer's work. Mimicking my elders, I used to say this too, but recently I have begun to wonder. Now I find myself as strongly offended by the explicitly anti-Semitic remarks of writers as I am by troubling representations of Jews in works of literature that, because they do appear in works of literature, must necessarily be ambiguous and open to multiple readings.

We have been trained, in modern culture, to take writers seriously, even to endow them with a special authority, and whether or not this is desirable, it prompts us to respond with peculiar intensity to their opinions. So whatever defenses might be urged with regard to the passages about Jews in Eliot's poetry, I do not see how one can deny that there is a streak of bigotry in his book *After Strange Gods* (1934), where he writes that in his "ideal Christian society":

> The population should be homogeneous; where two or more cultures exist in the same place they are likely either to be fiercely self-conscious or both to become adulterate. What is still more important is unity of religious background; and reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable. There must be a proper balance between urban and rural, industrial and agricultural development. And a spirit of excessive tolerance is to be deprecated.

This notorious passage cannot be accused of a "spirit of excessive tolerance"; the remark about "free-thinking Jews" has no binding relation to what precedes or follows it, but comes as an irritable eruption. In his recent book *T. S. Eliot and Prejudice*, Christopher Ricks rightly calls the passage "instinct with animus."

Perhaps out of shame or embarrassment, Eliot never reprinted *After Strange Gods*. In an exchange with a correspondent in 1940, he struggled to explain why he had singled out "free-thinking Jews" as a threat to his "ideal of Christian society":

> The free-thinking European, or American of European race, retains for the most part a good many of the moral habits and conventions of Christianity. If he does not retain them individually, still these habits survive to some extent in the community. The Jew who is separated from his religious faith is much more deracinated thereby than the descendent of Christians, and it is this deracination that I think dangerous and tending to irresponsibility. But my view does not imply any prejudice on the ground of race. . . .

This was a defense that only made things worse. By which measure could Eliot estimate the amounts of deracination in Christians and Jews? What knowledge supported his assertion? Actually, his statement shows how little he knew about "free-thinking Jews," many of whom keep a strong attachment to "the moral habits and conventions" of Jewish life, in part because memories of younger years exert a powerful hold upon them and in part because they know that, whatever their opinions, they remain quite as vulnerable to the assaults of bigotry as do religious Jews.

In his book Ricks has struggled, with a little too much ingenuity, to deal with Eliot's writings about Jews. He discerns the presence of anti-Semitic "animus," but he subordinates and assimilates it to a pervasive moral tendency that he calls "prejudice," a blight from which no one seems quite free and which thereby tends to make everyone guilty. This argument readily serves, in turn, to mask or to ease the guilt of any particular individual. Prejudice as a common human predisposition, a usage of the eighteenth century, is here conflated with prejudice as racial bigotry, a twentieth century usage, and the result is that the deadliness (that's just the word) of anti-Semitism comes to be modulated, consigned as it

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has been to an abundance of prejudice.

The subtle Ricks loses sight of the blunt object before his eyes when he writes: "Yet any simple confidence that Eliot's line [about 'Rachel née Rabinovitch' who 'tears at the grapes with murderous paws'] is merely riding upon [anti-Semitic] prejudice has to acknowledge that such confidence would itself prejudice the matter." What a not-simple reading of Eliot's lines would be, it is hard to discover in Ricks's book. His subtlety can also slip into silliness. "Presumably," he writes with regard to Eliot's remarks in *After Strange Gods*, "a rabbi does not believe that any large number of free-thinking Jews is desirable." Well, it depends. I know a number of rabbis who are quite close to "free thinking" or who live in easy relation with "free-thinking Jews." In any case, Ricks's imaginary rabbis would respond very differently from Eliot, since, at the least, they would not be worried about terms of admission to "the ideal Christian society."

Eliot was guilty of nasty intolerance when he wrote those sentences in *After Strange Gods*. Exactly how virulent or damaging his remarks about Jews are may be open to debate, but that they exude an unpleasant bigotry seems to me beyond doubt. To say this is not to question Eliot's sincerity in writing some years later that "I am not an anti-Semite and never have been. It is a terrible slander against a man." All one can say is that the evidence is there, in his poems probably and in his prose certainly.

I continue firmly to believe that Eliot was a great poet and a major critic. How to reconcile this opinion with the pain caused by some of his writings is a problem I do not know how to resolve. But I wish to return to the responses of the Jewish writers who began to publish in *Partisan Review* and similar magazines during the late 1930s and the 1940s. Why were we so hesitant (as I am convinced we were) to confront the matter of Eliot and anti-Semitism? I ask not to condemn anyone retrospectively, but to understand an experience in which I shared.

Many of us had made our way out of an immigrant Jewish culture that, often somewhat glibly, we took to be parochial. We felt embarrassed when "official" Jewish spokesmen hastened to attack gentile writers who had made slighting references to Jews or had presented Jewish characters unsympathetically in novels. We felt that such "official" responses betrayed not only a strained defensiveness—Rahv spoke of "overwrought Jewish nerves"—but also an insensitivity to literature. The young Jewish writers starting to appear in print between the late 1930s and the early 1950s wanted to discard narrow habits of response and to embrace universalist values. This desire was often prompted by the fact that some of these writers were also radicals hoping to shake off religious or ethnic burdens and to gain membership in the republic of letters—though it was no secret that this republic, like most others, harbored a good share of bias.

We—I, we, they?—were eager to find a place in the spacious arena of American culture, which was decidedly gentile in origins and tone. Were we to rise up in wrath before every anti-Semitic or supposedly anti-Semitic passage in American writing, especially in the writing of contemporaries, we might find this goal hard to achieve. Sometimes our muted responses to the nastiness that a number of American writers displayed toward Jews were merely a sign of opportunism. More often they betrayed a troubling discomfort.

The Jewish writers grouped around *Partisan Review* in those years saw Eliot as a central figure in modern culture, a writer of the highest literary intelligence. Eliot wrote poetry that seemed thrilling in its apprehensions of the spirit of the time, poetry vibrant with images of alienation, moral dislocation, and historical breakdown. If his vocabulary came to draw upon unacceptable doctrine, his sensibility remained intensely familiar. It is very possible that the power and the charm of Eliot's poetry, which touched me closely as a young man, kept me and others from acknowledging the streak of bigotry in his work.

As critics throughout the ages have noticed, there is a seductiveness in art that can melt personal identity and weaken moral perceptions. (Art, wrote Tolstoy, is "an infectious activity.") Indeed, that is one of the triumphs of art, as it may lead to sharpened awareness and perhaps even remold our sense of self; but by the same token, it can have, as in our century it has had, pernicious effects. Reading Eliot's poetry a half-century ago I felt so strongly (if not always lucidly) attuned to its inner vibrations that I had little desire to be critical, especially of what might be passed over as a few incidental lines of bigotry. With a supreme hauteur, Eliot had made the journey from provincial St. Louis to cosmopolitan London. The New York writers could not match his hauteur, but perhaps they could negotiate a somewhat similar journey from Brooklyn or the Bronx to Manhattan. I doubt that this comparison occurred to many of the New York writers, but I am convinced that it figured in our feelings.

In those days the term "alienation" was much in fashion, part of the style of

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affirmed isolation that went with political and cultural radicalism. As Rahv wrote, "During the greater part of the bourgeois epoch . . . [writers] preferred alienation from the community to alienation from themselves." Linking politics and culture, this proud rootlessness was seen as defining the posture of the independent artist or intellectual—and despite enormous differences of belief, especially after Eliot declared himself a devout Christian, it was this attitude that prompted us to feel a kinship with Eliot, a writer who was never quite at home in the world. There is still much to be said, I think, for this cultural style, unfashionable as it has become. Only after the Second World War, when the shock of the Holocaust was registered and we saw that none of our usual categories of thought sufficed to grasp its meaning, did I and others begin to look back with a certain questioning upon the style of alienation. Not exactly rejection, but questioning.

I began to suspect that my attachment to this style was rooted not only in a valid perception of cultural and political realities, but also in a more intimate confusion or blurring of identity. Let me illustrate by turning back to a seemingly trivial incident. When, green and nervous, I made my first visit to the office of *Partisan Review* and was told in a kindly way by Rahv to pick a book for review, I took down from his shelves an English translation of Sholom Aleichem's stories. My choice made Rahv smile—whether he was signaling that we understood one another or that we should pretend not to. Decades later, I can see that the style of alienation, while it could be authentic, also entailed a multitude of personal alienations, confusedly abutting one another, which I was imposing on Eliot's poetry. It was as if that poetry offered an enlarging—or distorting—mirror for my own feelings. Had Eliot known about all this, I am sure he would have denied any responsibility for my projections. Still, the poetry was there, it spoke with overwhelming force and the voice of truth, so that I made of it what I could or needed to.

What may also have contributed to the ambiguity of our relationship to Eliot's writings was that we had inherited a Romantic notion that the writer should serve as a moral guide, even as "a creator of values." We shared the belief, mostly implicit, that the poet as person was not to be distinguished from the person as poet, that the man who sat down to write was essentially the same as the writer we proceeded to read. Today there are more sophisticated notions about literary persona and authorial voice. But it was only to be expected that literary people bearing the stamp of Jewish ethicism and claiming a strong social awareness should have been drawn to the idea of the writer as moral guide.

Eliot was not just a great writer, he was, as Schwartz said, a "culture hero" who spoke for the mood of the moment. If not exactly a moral guide, he seemed to command, as few other writers of his time did, a profound awareness of the moral turmoil, the moral discontents that afflicted serious persons. We turned to him not so much for answers as for questions, and this too, I suppose, caused us to avert our eyes from aspects of his work that were unattractive. One of the few critics who saw this differently was Clement Greenberg, who kept issuing cogent warnings against "culture sickness," the view that vicious acts and ideas should be tolerated when they are advanced by distinguished writers.

What, then, should have been done or said about Eliot and anti-Semitism? At the least, there might have been an open acknowledgment that the problem was intractable and caused us distress. Nothing could be "done" about Eliot's "Jew" (or "jew") spawned in Antwerp, that squalid cliché of the Christian centuries. Nor was it only a matter of protests, noisy or quiet. It was a matter of saying openly what we knew inwardly, that it was we, the "free-thinking Jews" who loved his poetry, toward whom Eliot could not indulge "an excess of tolerance."

All of this delivers us to the thorny problem of the relation between the aesthetic and the ethical, about which it would be foolish to pretend that one can add anything significant in a few (or even in many) words. No doubt, on some ultimate plane, there are persuasive ways of reconciling the claims of the aesthetic with the demands of the ethical, or better still, of apprehending the interpenetration of the two. But in my own experience during this century of blood and fanaticism, the division between the aesthetic and the ethical continues to loom large, and I have become resigned to the conclusion that we have to live with the tensions that division generates. I remain "free-thinking," but I keep within me enough of a Jew to suppose that if aesthetic perceptions and ethical judgments seem at times to clash, there cannot be many situations in which the ethical should not be given priority, for the very idea of civilization, whether "ideal Christian" or just humane, implies a hierarchy of values. ●

The Spirit of the Laws

BY CASS R. SUNSTEIN

On Reading the Constitution by Laurence H. Tribe and Michael C. Dorf

(Harvard University Press, 144 pp., $18.95)

Although the problem of constitutional interpretation has produced an avalanche of complex and sometimes barely digestible theorizing, in one sense the issue is very simple. Everyone agrees that the Constitution is law. And if the Constitution is law, then it stands above politics. All public officials—Democratic, Republican, or something else—must obey. The Constitution does not just mean what particular people want it to mean. If it did, it would not be law.

The problem is that the text of the Constitution is often extremely vague. Reasonable people disagree about what it means. Some people think that a Constitution that guarantees "the equal protection of the laws" requires race-conscious affirmative action policies, in order to remove the effects of past and present discrimination; other people think that a state that engages in affirmative action is violating that same guarantee. Some people think that a Constitution that guarantees "the freedom of speech" has no bearing on, and even argues in favor of, severe limits on expenditures on elections; other people think that such limitations violate that same guarantee. Both groups are perfectly capable of reading English, and both believe that their views are compelled by the Constitution.

On so many of the central constitutional questions, then, the Constitution's words tell us much less than we need to know. And since the words of the Constitution do not resolve hard constitutional cases, it seems undeniable that people who interpret the Constitution have to look to something other than those words in order to do their jobs. This idea

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seems to many both unavoidable and intolerable, the latter because it endangers the status of the Constitution as law. It means that the interpretation of the Constitution must inevitably be based on principles that are external to the words of the Constitution itself. Those principles have to be created rather than found: the Constitution does not contain the instructions for its own interpretation. And if interpretive principles must be created by the judges, it seems again to many that the Constitution could mean almost anything at all, and is not law after all.

In the last generation, many professors and judges have tried to answer this problem. Robert Bork's response has won a fair number of adherents among citizens and public officials, including important judges. Bork thinks that the words of the Constitution carry the meaning that was originally understood by those who ratified it. There are many difficulties, however, with this view. Some of them are historical: How do we figure out what the numerous ratifiers, who often disagreed with each other, understood their document to mean? Some of the problems are more broadly interpretive: How do we go about applying the original understanding to problems that the ratifiers never anticipated, like electronic eavesdropping? Or, how do we decide whether the original understanding identifies general concepts whose meaning changes over time, or instead particular conceptions limited to the specific issues that the ratifiers sought to address? History does not answers such questions.

But for those who share Bork's view, the real problems go deeper. Bork and his followers act as if the Constitution and the original understanding are the same thing. In fact, however, they are not. The Constitution does not say that it should be interpreted in accordance with the original understanding. The Constitution does not say that judges should follow the original understanding. The proposal that we should follow the original understanding is itself an interpretive principle. Like any other such principle, it must be justified on substantive grounds.

The popularity of Bork's approach is disturbing, not because of its advocacy of a form of judicial restraint (which may be justified), and not because the original understanding is not relevant (surely it matters a lot), but because his confident presentation disguises the dependence of his own position, at every turn, on judgments of policy and principle that he never defends, or even recognizes. Conservatives, though, have no monopoly on the view that a particular, controversial set of interpretive practices is inevitably part of what it means to be faithful to the founding document. Justice Hugo Black, one of the fiercest defenders of civil liberties in the Court's history, made a career in large part out of denying his actual reliance on his own values and commitments. Black's legacy can be found in the position of many other liberals who act as if the liberal consensus from, say, 1968 to 1980 is, necessarily and without resort to controversial interpretive principles, itself a part of the Constitution.

If there is sometimes no way to interpret the Constitution without relying on external principles, how are we to proceed? Some people think that those principles might be found in our "tradition." Thus, for example, *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* (protecting the right of married people to use contraceptives) and *Roe* v. *Wade* (protecting the right to have an abortion) might be justified on the basis of the "traditional" protection accorded to marital privacy or control over one's body. But there is a significant problem with relying on tradition as the basis of constitutional interpretation: defining the level of generality at which the tradition is to be described. If we describe the tradition at a low level of generality—is there a traditional right to use

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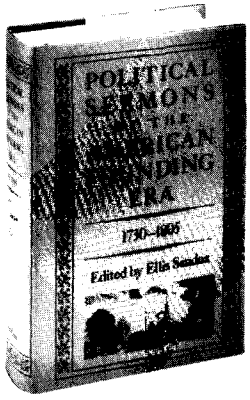

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contraceptives? to have abortions?—we will decide cases quite differently from how we would if the tradition is described in broad terms (as including, say, control over one's body). How do we decide at what level of generality to read traditions? And why exactly does tradition matter in any event?

In the last decade or so, under the influence of certain new methods of literary study, it has become fashionable to respond to problems with the original understanding and tradition by saying that the Constitution could mean anything at all, that it is "indeterminate." But this extreme claim does not at all follow from the need to resort to interpretive principles. For one thing, the text of the Constitution, accompanied by principles on which there is a consensus, sometimes admits only one answer. For another, what the Supreme Court now thinks, and what it will say about questions not yet decided but likely to arise soon, can be predicted with considerable accuracy.

Moreover, some interpretations of the Constitution are better than others. Some interpretations of ambiguous provisions will produce an unacceptable increase in judicial discretion; others will leave politically weak groups at the mercy of the state; others will make political liberty too fragile; others will offer too little room for democratic experimentation; others will be insufficiently respectful of the claims of history. Where the Constitution does not speak clearly, there is no choice but to evaluate interpretive principles by reference to questions of this sort. In any case, it is surely possible to evaluate the relevant interpretive principles, and to do so by reference to reasons. We might therefore conclude that those interested in making sense of the process of constitutional argument must develop principles of interpretation that are good ones—that is, principles that are based on good reasons. There is simply no escape from this task.

Much of the focus of this book by Laurence Tribe and Michael Dorf is on the extremely controversial case of *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*. In *Hardwick* (argued and lost, by a 5-4 vote, by Tribe himself), the Supreme Court concluded that the Constitution does not protect the right of homosexuals to engage in sodomy. Hardwick had been arrested for participating in an act of oral sex (defined by Georgia law to count as "sodomy") with another man in Hardwick's apartment. As Hardwick described the relevant events, a police officer had seen him leave a gay bar, followed him to his apartment, entered it with an arrest warrant for drinking in public, and opened the bedroom door.

To Hardwick, the Georgia sodomy law violated the right of sexual privacy recognized in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*, *Roe* v. *Wade*, and other cases. Hardwick claimed that if the Constitution protects the right to use contraceptives, and to have an abortion, it must also protect the right to sexual freedom, heterosexual or homosexual, within the home. According to the Court, however, the text of the Constitution does not protect the right of homosexual sodomy, which is hardly respected by American traditions, and which is fundamentally different from the privacy rights involved in previous cases centering on issues of family and reproduction. Tribe and Dorf believe that *Hardwick* was "egregiously wrong." Part of their goal is to explain why the Constitution might protect the right to engage in homosexual sodomy without turning the document into a blank slate for judges to fill in as they wish.

This book amounts to an energetic and often highly illuminating discussion of how constitutional interpretation inevitably involves substantive choices but is not simply a matter of making things up. Tribe and Dorf are quite effective in showing that any system of interpretation depends on value judgments, and that neutrality in interpretation, in the strongest sense, turns out to be a hopeless charade. Thus, for example, they argue, against Bork, that the original understanding is not in the Constitution, and that only its words, and not "the secret, hidden, and unenacted intentions," count as part of the founding document. Thus they effectively criticize the view, recently proclaimed by Justice Scalia, that any relevant tradition should be described at "the most specific level of generality." Tribe and Dorf show that the decision so to characterize the relevant tradition is itself a value judgment, and one that would throw many well-established constitutional rights out the window.

Still, Tribe and Dorf are not concerned only to demonstrate that constitutional decisions require value choices. They want also to demonstrate something more: "how the Constitution channels choice." Here their book is, I think, somewhat less successful. What they have to say seems to boil down to four points. (1) The Constitution should be read as a whole; each provision should be interpreted in light of other provisions. (2) The Constitution is not based on any single theory and is not a unified whole; different provisions look in different directions, and contradictions should be expected. (3) Prior decisions should be read by reference to their rationale as well as their holdings; the reasons given by previous courts count. (4) Courts should create general rights not out of the blue, but with attention to the specific liberties that the Constitution unambiguously ensures.

The problem with these claims is not that they are wrong. Quite the contrary, all of them seem right. The problem is that these points, taken separately or together, are too general, too vague, too open-ended to provide the necessary help for those who are seriously concerned about the risks of judicial discretion or about the development of interpretive principles in a constitutional democracy. Certainly they do not by themselves justify the authors' particular views on disputed cases, including *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*. In the end those views must be justified on external grounds, not on the basis of abstract claims of this sort.

Take the proposition that each constitutional provision should be read in light of the others. It offers precious little help in real cases. It would allow highly plausible arguments for and against the constitutionality of affirmative action, the death penalty, federal regulation of state government, and discrimination on the basis of sex and disability. One might argue, for example, that the cruel or unusual punishment clause forbids the death penalty, because it should be read in light of the equal protection clause, and because the death penalty tends to be administered in a racially discriminatory fashion; or that the same clause permits the death penalty, because it should be read in light of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, which operate on the assumption that the government will sometimes take "life."

The notion that constitutional provisions should be read together, in fact, probably excludes no position now held by any serious person. And it becomes even less helpful when it is combined with the authors' second principle, which dramatically reduces its weight. To say (rightly) that we do not have a consistent constitution, and that constitutional provisions point in quite different directions, is to say that any particular provision gives little guidance with which to understand other provisions.

What about precedent? Every first-year law student learns that courts should usually respect the reasoning as well as the result of previous cases. Every second-year law student learns that this principle offers little assistance in hard constitutional cases. In light of the multiplicity of precedents and the difficulty of figuring out "the rationale" of any one of them,

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reasonable people can construct quite different understandings of any line of precedents. Many of the Warren Court's racial discrimination cases, for example, appeared to turn on both an antipathy to measures ensuring white supremacy and a belief that the government may not ever take race into account—ideas that cut in different directions with respect to the constitutionality of affirmative action. How does one apply their "rationale" to that problem?

The answer to such questions depends on something other than previous rationales. Indeed, Tribe and Dorf do not even insist on the requirement of respecting those rationales, especially in light of their disapproval of *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*. The actual reasoning of the early privacy cases, taken on their own terms, seemed not to extend to homosexual sodomy at all.

As for their fourth principle, the authors generalize from the First (protecting speech), Third (preventing the quartering of troops), and Fourth Amendments (protecting against unreasonable searches and seizures) a general right to immunity from government of "consensual intimacies in the home." The argument is not implausible. It seems sensible to say that if the Court is to give substantive protection to liberty in general, it should do so by reference to things specifically accorded constitutional protection. Yet it might be equally plausible to construct instead from those very amendments—especially when combined with the Fifth (protecting against the taking of property without just compensation)—a general right against redistributive regulation by government, including, for example, minimum wage and maximum hour laws.

We might say, for example, that the First Amendment shows an aversion to government interference with private behavior; that the Third is rooted in an effort to immunize property from public incursion; that the Fourth reflects the same idea; that the Fifth attempts to ensure that property can be taken only with compensation. In light of all this, perhaps "liberty" should include the right to freedom from any governmental effort to take resources held by one person for the benefit of another. Minimum wage and maximum hour laws would of course run afoul of this principle; indeed, such a right would endanger much of what the federal government has done since the New Deal. But Tribe and Dorf are hardly in favor of that.

All this suggests that the process of generalization by reference to specific rights involves an inescapably large measure of discretion. A decision to infer a right to homosexual conduct within the home, and not to freedom from redistributive regulation, has to depend in large measure on substantive views about homosexuality and redistributive regulation—not on what the Constitution specifically protects. What is necessary, then, is a full-scale defense of those substantive views, and a full-scale explanation of why they should be implemented by constitutional courts.

I doubt that Tribe and Dorf would disagree with any of this. Their analysis is open-minded, non-dogmatic, and tentative: "More often than not, we have no answers, and those we offer are almost never held with certitude." And I do not believe that any of their largest claims is wrong. I do not even believe that those claims offer no help at all. The real problem is that in order to ascertain the appropriate role of the Supreme Court in the constitutional system, their basic principles tell us far too little.

On Reading the Constitution reminds us of the extent to which our understanding of constitutional interpretation remains in a primitive state. There seem to be several ways to improve the present state of affairs.

Much more empirical work needs to be done on the real-world effects of constitutional decisions. Lawyers (and not a few non-lawyers) seem to think that when the Supreme Court speaks, the country changes course accordingly. But often it isn't so. Ten years after *Brown* v. *Board of Education*—the usual symbol of Supreme Court efficacy in changing social norms and practices—no more than 2 percent of black children in the South were attending desegregated schools. Moreover, there is some (though not decisive) evidence that, contrary to the conventional wisdom, *Brown* did not fuel the civil rights movement, that it played only a small role in bringing about civil rights reforms. There is also some evidence that *Roe* v. *Wade* did not substantially increase the number of abortions, did not fuel the pro-choice movement, and indeed helped demobilize the women's movement and create the moral majority (though it did increase the number of safe abortions, a genuinely dramatic change).

Research on questions of this sort is in its earliest stages. At the moment the most that can be said is that an aggressive role for the Court in social reform may have unanticipated consequences and fail to bring about its intended results. There is enormous room for further inquiry. What is the actual effect of the First Amendment (as opposed to, say, culture) in protecting political dissent in

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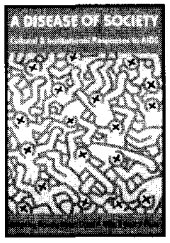

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the United States? What are the consequences of desegregation remedies for students and racial equality? What effect, if any, has *Bowers* v. *Hardwick* had on public attitudes toward the movement for gay rights?

Those who study and discuss constitutional law almost never bother with such empirical questions; but what they say almost always assumes answers to them. We need to know whether those answers are correct. Although they will not compel any particular approach to the Constitution—to say that *Brown* was only partly effective is not to say that it was wrong—they might well help show when Supreme Court involvement is most likely to accomplish its purposes.

The nature of constitutional debate in this country should also undergo a change. Constitutional law needs to be much more candid and concrete about the substantive reasons that are doing the real work in hard cases; and it must simultaneously be able to be confident that good reasons, rather than mere preferences, support certain views about the relationship between state and society. Here it is necessary for constitutional law to develop interpretive principles by confronting squarely, and in the context of the broad frameworks set out by constitutional commands, the question of what sorts of consequences the legal rules under attack have for constitutional liberty and equality (including the constitutional commitment to a form of democratic self-government).

If *Roe* v. *Wade* is correct, for example, it cannot be because there is some general right to "privacy" or to control of one's own body. Such a claim provides no answer at all to those who believe in the importance of protecting the fetus. Without further elaboration, moreover, such a claim would mean that there would automatically be a constitutional right to use crack, to participate in surrogacy arrangements, to commit incest, and perhaps to eliminate much of the work of the FDA and OSHA, even the EPA.

As Tribe and Dorf themselves point out, if *Roe* is right, the reason must have something to do with sex discrimination, and thus with the equal protection clause. It is crucial, after all, that laws restricting abortions apply only to women; that they may well owe their origins to illegitimate and discriminatory views about the appropriate role of men and women; that they represent the selective co-optation of human bodies for the protection of others, which is certainly unique in American law, and specific to one sex; and that they tend in practice not to protect fetuses at all, but instead to produce dangerous abortions threatening women's lives and health without significantly decreasing the abortion rate.

Similarly, if *Bowers* v. *Hardwick* is wrong, the reason is surely that current social disapproval of homosexuality is at least roughly analogous to past social disapproval of racial intermarriage, and illegitimate for at least roughly similar reasons. If *Hardwick* is wrong, it is because neither form of disapproval can be allowed unjustly to subordinate an entire class of Americans. Any effort to challenge the decision in *Hardwick* will therefore have to say something empirical and extensive about the actual history, wellsprings, and consequences of laws directed against homosexuals.

It is tempting to think that a judicial inquiry of this sort would not be law at all. But we should not think of law, and certainly not of constitutional law, in so sterile or constricted a way. In fact, an assessment of the purpose and consequences of discrimination is an indispensable part of the enterprise of figuring out what it means to deny someone "the equal protection of the laws." In *Roe* and *Hardwick*, arguments of this kind would have to be far more elaborate, of course, than I have been able to suggest here; but it is impossible to avoid resort to them in assessing the two cases.

Most important, the development of interpretive principles should proceed with far more attention to the values and the possibilities of democratic government. In this respect, Tribe and Dorf's book counts as an unusually articulate contribution to the large number of recent works attempting to justify, to preserve, and to extend the work of the Warren Court. But the Warren Court is long gone. From the standpoint of the 1990s, that Court increasingly appears to be a historical anomaly, indeed an unprecedented exception to American political traditions: it was an adjudicative body willing to use the Constitution as an engine of social reform in the interest of civil rights and civil liberties.

This is not to deny that the Court accomplished considerable good. Still, the effort to build on its legacy gives off the distinctive and perhaps not altogether pleasant aroma of nostalgia. At least under current conditions, it would be more valuable to attend to the possible use and reform of democracy itself. Any set of interpretive principles for the Supreme Court must be centrally concerned about the potentially undemocratic character of judicial intrusion into political processes.

A set of principles that focuses judicial controls on correcting defects in American democracy will therefore have much to be said in its favor. In view of the fact that judges are unelected, ambiguous constitutional provisions should usually be read to allow maximum scope for representative processes—except (as John Hart Ely has argued) when political processes are not open to self-correction, and when judicial protection is sought by groups that are without sufficient political power to protect themselves.

Of course, it remains to explain exactly what "sufficient" means. But attention to questions of this sort may actually provide an important ingredient in a defense of *Roe* and a criticism of *Hardwick*, at least if those cases are conceived as raising issues of equality as well as privacy. Both *Roe* and *Hardwick* involved groups facing important disabilities in the political process. These disabilities argue in favor of a less cautious judicial role.

Finally, and even more fundamentally, we might in the future see, and even attempt to spur, an increase in constitutional deliberation, and political or moral argument, outside of the courts and inside the democratic process. The judges are not the only figures in government charged with constitutional and moral responsibilities, and sometimes the focus on the Court can distract attention from other possibilities. The recent deliberations of Congress and the president with respect to the Persian Gulf war were distinguished by close reference to constitutional commands—and without the involvement of the Supreme Court at all.

Consider also a striking set of recent events: the passage of the most important law in history protecting handicapped people, the Americans With Disabilities Act, enacted in the face of Supreme Court decisions refusing to use the Constitution in this area; the extraordinary citizen response to Supreme Court decisions restricting the abortion right, a response that has dramatically energized the women's movement; the new Clean Air Act, in the face of Supreme Court decisions taking a relatively passive role in protecting the environment; and the likely passage, soon, of a new civil rights bill broader than anything that the Supreme Court might have required. Whatever the merits of any one of these developments, they attest to the enormous potential of moral and political and sometimes even constitutional discussion outside the courtroom.

It may not be entirely implausible, if all this is so, to think that the recent retreat

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of the federal judiciary from social reform, a retreat made in the name of the Constitution, might ultimately count as one of many steps in the revival of democratic processes in America and, not incidentally, in the spurring of involvement of heretofore weak or passive groups in those processes. Such steps would represent a major redirection of constitutional energies. They might be far more fruitful than our customary obsession with the occasional decisions of the nine people who sit on the Supreme Court.

CASS R. SUNSTEIN teaches at the University of Chicago and is the author most recently of *After the Rights Revolution* (Harvard University Press).

The Agitator

BY JAMES M. MCPHERSON

Frederick Douglass by William S. McFeely

(W. W. Norton, 465 pp., $24.95)

Frederick Douglass strode across the stage of American history with a commanding presence equaled by few of his countrymen. Born a slave along an obscure backwater of Maryland's Eastern Shore in 1818, he taught himself to read, hungered for the opportunities revealed by the magic of print, escaped from bondage at the age of 20, joined the abolitionist movement, discovered a gift for oratory, rose to international fame as a champion of freedom and equal rights for all men (and women), counseled Abraham Lincoln on emancipation and black soldiers during the Civil War, knew eight presidents, and died still at work at the age of 77 after attending a women's rights meeting.

From the day of his first public speech, to an anti-slavery meeting in Nantucket in 1841, Douglass's career spanned the most tumultuous five decades of this country's history. During the first half of this period, Douglass became one of the abolitionist movement's most effective orators in a golden age of American oratory. Unlike white abolitionists, he could testify to the evils of slavery from personal experience. His speaking style was direct, forceful, and vivid, with a strong dose of sarcasm but little irony, using literal examples rather than subtle figures of speech. "His flashing eye," wrote a contemporary who had heard him speak many times, "and more than all, his voice, that rivaled [Daniel] Webster's in the richness, and in the depth and sonorousness of its cadences, made up such an ideal of an orator as the listeners never forgot."

During the quarter century from his first speech to the final abolition of slavery in 1865, he spoke for freedom on more than a thousand occasions. And from the day in 1847 that he launched his own newspaper, *North Star*, he wrote perhaps a thousand editorials in the same direct, passionate style that even in cold print conveys a sense of seething energy. Nor was his witness against the racial discrimination in the North that complemented slavery in the South confined to words alone. He refused to ride Jim Crow cars on the railroads; when a conductor tried once to eject him from a "white" car, the powerful Douglass held on to the seats so tightly that it took several trainmen to throw him off—along with the seats torn loose from the floor. When his children were denied admission to the white public schools of Rochester, Douglass led a protest that brought desegregation of the schools.

Like Martin Luther King Jr., Douglass owed his power to the moral force of his language. He was devoutly religious in his youth, but rejected the church in his 20s out of disappointment with its lukewarm opposition to slavery. He drew his inspiration, as he once put it, "from Massachusetts Abolition University, Mr. [William Lloyd] Garrison, president." Douglass, though, did not shun violence. After enactment in 1850 of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, which licensed slaveholders to recapture runaways in the North with the aid of federal marshals, Douglass counseled violent resistance, remarking that "the only way to make the Fugitive Slave Law a dead letter is to make half a dozen or so dead kidnappers." He supported John Brown's guerrilla warfare against slavery, though he stopped short of endorsing Brown's seizure of the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry in 1859. Douglass welcomed the Civil War against slaveholders, helping to recruit the black 54th Massachusetts Infantry (made newly famous by the movie *Glory*), in which two of his sons enlisted and his oldest son, Lewis, became sergeant major.

A formative experience while he was still a slave had shaped Douglass's willingness to embrace violence as a means of liberation. At the age of 16, he was hired out to a farmer named Edward Covey, notorious in the neighborhood as a "nigger breaker." For seven months the restless young slave, a muscular boy who had almost reached his adult height of more than six feet, endured abuse and beatings from Covey. But one hot August morning Douglass could take no more. He turned on Covey and fought him with desperation, drawing blood from his oppressor and finally vanquishing him. After this encounter, Covey never tried to whip Douglass again.

This episode was a revelation to Douglass, "the turning point in my life as a slave.... It rekindled in my breast the smoldering embers of liberty ... and revived a sense of my own manhood." Douglass had "reached the point at which I was *not afraid to die.* This spirit made me a freeman in *fact*, though I still remained a slave in form." He concluded that "the doctrine that submission to violence is the best cure for violence did not hold good as between slaves and overseers. He was whipped oftener who was whipped easiest."

"They who would be free, must themselves strike the blow": such a view puts Douglass's philosophy closer to Frantz Fanon's than to Martin Luther King's. Yet if his methods were not quite King's nonviolent ones, his goals were similar to those of King's movement—integration as equals into the mainstream of American society, not separation from it or revolution to overthrow it. The crusade for equal rights would go on, said Douglass in 1883, when the Supreme Court invalidated a federal civil rights law passed in 1875,

> until the public schools shall cease to be caste schools, ... until the colored man's pathway to the ballot-box ... shall be as smooth and as safe as the same is for the white citizen, ... until the courts of the country shall grant the colored man a fair trial and a just verdict, ... until color shall cease to be a bar to equal participation in the offices and honors of the country, ... until the trades-unions, and the workshops of the country shall cease to proscribe the colored man, ... until the American people shall make character, and not color, the criterion of respectability.

According to a story that may be apocryphal but nevertheless contains the essence of truth, a black student asked the venerable Douglass in the 1890s what ad-

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vice he could give a young man just starting his career. Douglass replied without hesitation: "Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!"

William McFeely's new biography of Douglass is, in part, the story of an agitator. But even more it is the story of a complex human being set primarily in the context of family and locality instead of the public world of reform and national convulsion. In some ways it is a better biography than McFeely's earlier book about General Oliver O. Howard, head of the Freedmen's Bureau, better even than his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Ulysses S. Grant. McFeely's lack of empathy with both those men made him excessively critical of their failures and rather astigmatic about their successes. With Douglass, by contrast, he has achieved a rich texture of sympathy and critical perspective, intimacy and distance, appreciation and censure.

It is very much a Life, rather than a Life and Times. The emphasis is probably wise. Most of the many existing biographies and related studies of Douglass—including a half-dozen books published during the 1980s alone—focus mainly on the public figure. Douglass's three autobiographies—the third actually titled *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*—also create a public persona. McFeely's objective is to get behind that persona to the real person.

He has the most success with Douglass's early years—the period of slavery, about which we have the least firm information. Here McFeely's psychological perception and creative imagination enable him to re-create the world of a precocious slave boy who strained against the strictures of bondage until he finally broke free of them. Of special interest are Douglass's relationships with women, from earliest childhood onward. He never knew his father—indeed, never knew which white man got his slave mother with the child she named Frederick. He saw little of his mother, who lived and worked on another farm. The boy was raised by his grandmother, who became "the central presence in his life" during his childhood.

When he was later sent to Baltimore, his master's sister-in-law became almost a surrogate mother and helped the boy learn the alphabet. After Douglass escaped to freedom he married a free black woman, Anna Murray, who left her Baltimore home to join him in the North. This marriage lasted forty-four years until Anna's death, and produced five children. Yet it seems to have lacked genuine affection; it certainly lacked any sense of equal partnership. Douglass grew intellectually and culturally far beyond his wife, who remained illiterate all her life. Anna never joined Frederick during his frequent lecture tours and other absences that kept him from home sometimes months at a time—once for a year and a half during his first British tour.

Douglass developed close bonds with several white women whose intellectual force and intensity matched his own, and who like him were denied full membership in a world ruled by white males. Two of these relationships may have ripened into sexual intimacy; McFeely believes that they did. The British abolitionist Julia Griffiths joined Douglass in Rochester, New York, in 1849 to help him edit his newspaper *North Star* and even lived in his home for a time. Later Ottilia Assing, a brilliant but unstable German writer, came to the United States specifically to meet Douglass, spent much time with him for several years, and committed suicide in Paris a few months after learning of Douglass's second marriage, in 1884, to Helen Pitts, a white woman. McFeely handles these tangled relationships with sensitivity and with sympathy for Anna Murray Douglass's embitterment at what seems to have been shabby treatment.

McFeely's creative speculations sometimes carry him beyond credibility. In his account of the slave-breaker Edward Covey's whipping of the slave Frederick, McFeely writes that "Covey's savage attack strongly suggests a perversion of homosexual attraction into vicious cruelty." If so, the antebellum South was laced with latent homosexuality, for whipping recalcitrant male slaves was a common form of discipline. McFeely is evenhanded in his dubious attribution of secret sexual desires, for he describes abolitionist literature's depictions of the flogging of slaves as "one of the most sought-after forms of nineteenth-century pornography," intended to "arouse" readers "with graphic descriptions of physical maltreatment and torture." Douglass indulged in this "pornography" on the lecture circuit and in his autobiographies, telling of the whipping of his aunt in language that "went not to his readers' brains, but to their groins. The long reach of racist sexuality made the story for them an exercise in sadomasochistic eroticism." This is arrant nonsense. Pornography is in the eye of the beholder; the post-Freudian biographer here projects what few nineteenth-century reformers intended or saw.

McFeely has a tendency to judge other nineteenth-century matters by modern standards as well. He cannot always resist the temptation to take cheap shots at abolitionists or at white educators who founded schools for freed slaves. By McFeely's lights, these liberals who risked reputation and sometimes even life for black advancement were often patronizing or racist. In his account of abolitionist criticism of Douglass's intimacy with Julia Griffiths, McFeely insists that "the breaching of racial lines, rather than the breaching of conventional marital ones, was what caused the decibel range among anti-slavery people to reach the level of a screech."

He provides no evidence for this assertion. Indeed, the sole anti-slavery statement cited, a letter from Gerrit Smith, expresses warm support for Douglass's awkward but (Smith assumed) innocent situation. And as Benjamin Quarles made clear in his 1948 biography of Douglass, abolitionist criticism (which was quite subdued, hardly a "screech") did focus on the marital rather than racial impropriety of the affair, especially the harm and hurt to Douglass's family—precisely the issue that concerns McFeely.

McFeely's penchant for speculation

Further Documentation

The appearance of weight, the momentum of pink
profoundly draping the tree outside the window,
this impression of the season: the bowing
anxiety of xylem, and the unseasonable rain

threatens further wreckage. Nature
pink in gum and paw. Crab apple and quince.
A man in an office wishes the world well, takes
his leave nevertheless of light and the lyric.

The Office is a concept new in the history
of civilization; a place of plenitude, a kind
of club. To arrange his implements on his desk.
He consults. How lovely the hours. How long.

But you still don't understand the pinkness
of this tree; the fullness of bloom and pitch
under this slight rain—it snowed a day ago,
and this is now May, official and finicky.

The tree is like: brain coral—any internal
organ. Silk in her top left drawer.
A loss of innocence, not to say guilt.
The not yet serious sun. A man's real work.

Bin Ramke

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contrary to the evidence extends to other questions. In an account of the young Douglass's slave apprenticeship as a caulker in a Baltimore shipyard, McFeely comments on "the use of racism as a managerial tool" to keep wages low and prevent labor solidarity by pitting black and white workers against each other. But the evidence presented demonstrates the opposite. It shows labor's use of racism as a tool to eliminate black competition and keep wages high. Just before Douglass went to work at the shipyard, white workers had struck successfully to force management to fire free black carpenters, who had worked there for years. For more than a generation thereafter, the white union kept black carpenters out of the shipyards. These same victorious white workers made Frederick's life so miserable, harassing him daily and ganging up to beat him bloody on one occasion, that his master was compelled to remove him from the yard.

A few years later, when Douglass escaped to freedom, white caulkers at New Bedford prevented him from working at his trade by threatening to strike if he were hired. After the Civil War, Douglass's son Lewis, a combat veteran of the 54th Massachusetts who had charged up the bloody ramparts of Fort Wagner, was refused admission to the printers' union and then prevented from working because he was not a union man. On the question of racism as an economic weapon, it seems clear that management—and black workers—were more sinned against than sinning. It is little wonder that Douglass frequently expressed bitterness toward labor unions.

McFeely is critical of Douglass for gradually losing touch with the black masses from whom he had risen. As he basked in fame after the Civil War, hobnobbed with presidents, and held a succession of prestigious, though essentially powerless, federal offices (marshal of the District of Columbia, recorder of deeds, and the American consul general in Haiti), Douglass did become more conservative for a time. His focus on the importance of equal civil and political rights deflected him from full awareness of the economic framework of exploitation and poverty that made these rights uncertain for most Southern blacks even after they were implanted in the Constitution by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Douglass seemed to anticipate Booker T. Washington by urging blacks to lift themselves by their own bootstraps and to concentrate more on self-improvement than on complaining about discrimination. Douglass's most often repeated lecture during these years was titled "Self-Made Men," whom he described as "men who, without the ordinary helps of favoring circumstances, have attained knowledge, usefulness, power, position, and fame in the world." Audiences could have little doubt of the outstanding example that Douglass had in mind.

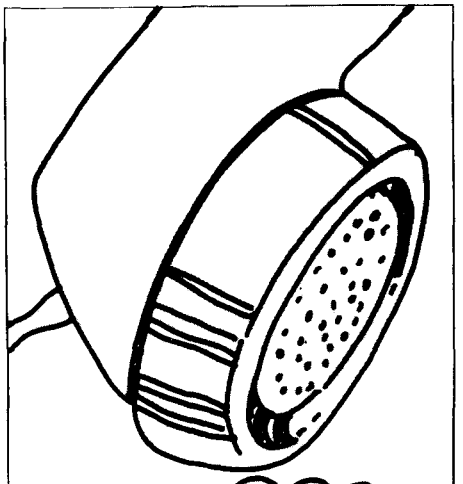
Though Douglass seemed to have little affinity with black sharecroppers, stevedores, domestics, and others who lived precarious lives at the margin of American society, he never forsook his commitment to equal rights, or to the ultimate abolition of the color line. And when, in the twilight of his career, the rise of lynching, the wholesale disfranchisement of blacks, and the evolution of Darwinian racism threatened to wipe out the gains of Reconstruction, Douglass once again thundered against injustice in his magnificent baritone voice and charismatic style. When jeered by white hecklers at the Chicago Columbian Exposition in 1893, he threw away his prepared text and for more than an hour held the crowd spellbound with a speech from the heart:

> There is no Negro problem. The problem is whether the American people have loyalty enough, honor enough, patriotism enough, to live up to our own Constitution. . . . We Negroes love our country. We fought for it. We ask only that we be treated as well as those who fought against it.

McFeely's decision to focus more on Douglass than on his times has an unfortunate consequence. While the narrative is rich on Douglass's early and later years, it is disappointingly thin about the middle—that is, about the Civil War and early Reconstruction years, precisely the period of Douglass's greatest activism and influence in the public sphere. Only five of twenty-nine chapters cover these crucial years that witnessed the successful climax of Douglass's crusade for the abolition of slavery and the expansion of that crusade into a drive for equal rights.

From the moment Confederate guns fired on Fort Sumter, Douglass and his fellow abolitionists worked to turn the war for the Union into a war for universal liberty. In a series of memorable phrases that incorporated a new element of imagery into his style (few of them quoted in this book), Douglass insisted that "to fight against slaveholders, without fighting against slavery, is but a halfhearted business, and paralyzes the hands engaged in it. . . . Fire must be met with water."

Southern whites boasted that slavery was "a tower of strength to the Confederacy." The nearly 3 million slave men and



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women laboring in fields and factories enabled the Confederacy "to place in the field a [military] force so much larger in proportion to her population than the North." Precisely, responded Douglass. "The very stomach of this rebellion is the negro in the condition of a slave. Arrest that hoe in the hands of the negro, and you smite rebellion in the very seat of its life." This was the logic that underlay the Emancipation Proclamation, which Lincoln issued a year later, in part as "an act of justice" but primarily as "a military necessity" to weaken the Confederacy by disrupting its labor force.

The same logic impelled the addition of this labor force to the Union side. Hundreds of thousands of slaves attained freedom by coming within Union lines. Many of them became laborers for the Union forces; 190,000 freed slaves and free blacks also became soldiers and sailors. With voice and pen, Douglass had labored first to persuade the Lincoln administration to organize black regiments, and then to persuade black men to enlist. "Liberty won by white men would lack half its luster," said Douglass as he hit the recruiting trail in 1863. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow. . . . Once let the black man get upon his person the brass letters, U.S.; let him get an eagle on his button, and a musket upon his shoulder and bullets in his pocket, and there is no power on earth which can deny that he has earned the right to citizenship in the United States."

The contribution of black troops to Union victory was the springboard for the next crusade, which became the focal point of Douglass's next thousand speeches. In October 1864 he wrote the "Address to the People of the United States" adopted by a National Convention of Colored Citizens (it is not even mentioned by McFeely) that had been called to set forth an African-American agenda for postwar reconstruction. "In a republican country, where general suffrage is the rule," wrote Douglass, "personal liberty . . . and all other rights, become mere privileges, held at the option of others, where we are excepted from the general political liberty." Therefore the right to vote, denied to blacks in most Northern as well as all Southern states, must become the "keystone to the arch of human liberty." For the next three decades, this keystone was Douglass's guiding principle.

The principle precipitated a crisis in the women's rights movement, in which Douglass played a crucial role. Though he scarcely considered his first wife his equal, Douglass was an early and lifelong advocate of equal rights for women as well as for blacks. He was one of the few male participants in the famous Seneca Falls convention of 1848, and the only one to vote for Elizabeth Cady Stanton's resolution demanding the ballot for women. In 1866 Douglass helped launch the American Equal Rights Association to work for the enfranchisement of women as well as of freed slaves. But the AERA had a short and stormy life. It quickly split into two factions. One, led by the radical white abolitionist Wendell Phillips and consisting of mostly men and some women, believed that Reconstruction was, in Phillips's words, "The Negro's Hour." The exigencies of postwar politics and Southern reconstruction made it desirable to strike first for black enfranchisement while the iron was hot. The other faction, led by Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, wanted to campaign for a constitutional amendment to enfranchise both blacks and women. Phillips, Douglass, and a majority of the AERA opposed this strategy, arguing that it would defeat both goals by uniting their opponents.

The controversy exploded at the AERA meeting in 1869, which is also curiously ignored by McFeely. The Stanton-Anthony faction presented a resolution opposing the Fifteenth Amendment, recently passed by Congress, which prohibited states from denying the right to vote on grounds of race—but not of sex. "I do not see how anyone can pretend that there is the same urgency in giving the ballot to woman as to the Negro," said Douglass in a dramatic speech:

> With us, the matter is a question of life and death, at least in fifteen states of the Union. When women, because they are women, are hunted down through the cities of New York and New Orleans [a reference to the New York draft riot of 1863 and a New Orleans anti-reconstruction riot in 1866]; when they are dragged from their houses and hung upon lampposts; . . . when they are objects of insult and outrage at every turn; when they are in danger of having their homes burnt down over their heads; when their children are not allowed to enter schools, they will have an urgency to obtain the ballot equal to our own. (Great applause.)

An angry Stanton, one of Douglass's best white friends for the past quarter century, jumped to her feet and shouted: "Not another man should be enfranchised until enough women are admitted to the polls to outweigh those already there. (Applause.) I do not believe in allowing ignorant Negroes and foreigners to make laws for me to obey. (Applause.)" This ended the AERA. The Stanton-Anthony faction walked out to found the National Woman Suffrage Association, and the others formed an organization called the American Woman Suffrage Association. For more than a decade many of the partisans—including Douglass and Stanton—were barely on speaking terms. For two decades the women's rights movement suffered from this schism.

Douglass precipitated his own house divided in 1884 by marrying Helen Pitts, a white woman twenty years his junior. Douglass's children opposed the union, and so did many members of Pitts's family. The national press was divided on the question of the country's most prominent black man marrying across the color line. But Douglass had made a career of defying that barrier. He and Helen enjoyed eleven years of marital happiness. One of the first and warmest congratulatory letters came from Stanton. "After all the terrible battles and political upheavals we have had in expurgating our constitutions of that odious adjective 'white,' " she wrote, "if a good man from Maryland sees fit to marry a disfranchised woman from New York, there should be no legal impediments." Douglass responded in kind, and the two veteran crusaders renewed their friendship. Douglass's last public appearance, on the day of his death, was at a women's rights meeting where he joined hands on the platform with Anthony.

In the year of Douglass's death, Booker T. Washington forged to national prominence with his famous "Atlanta Compromise" speech. The founder of Tuskegee Institute, which trained black people to be better farmers, workers, and teachers, Washington urged African Americans to eschew agitation for equal rights and to concentrate instead on self-help and self-improvement. Though Douglass would have had no quarrel with these goals, he would never have endorsed Washington's accommodation to segregation and white supremacy. Douglass's death and Washington's emergence marked the passing of the torch to a new generation and a new style of black leadership.

Yet Washington's Fabian strategy could not stem the worsening of race relations during the two or three decades after 1895, the "nadir" of African American history since slavery, as the historian Rayford Logan has accurately termed it. Douglass's militancy remained alive as a symbol for Washington's critics. It helped inspire the founding of the NAACP in 1910 and of other civil rights organizations in the mid-twentieth century.

Since the 1960s Douglass's reputation has suffered a decline among some black intellectuals, who see him as a spokesman

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for middle-class institutions and integrationist values that offer nothing to poor blacks mired in the ghettos. McFeely shares, to a degree, this critical perspective. But he offers a balanced appraisal that includes an appreciation of Douglass's part in the great drama that did, after all, produce the most revolutionary changes in American history, embodied in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. The virtue of McFeely's book lies in its revelation of the inner Douglass, the human being away from the public stage. For the public Douglass, the Douglass of history, the best place to go is still his own "burning eloquence," as Stanton described it, wherein "with wit, satire, and indignation he graphically described the bitterness of slavery and the humiliation of subjection to those who, in all human virtues and powers, were inferior to himself."

JAMES M. MCPHERSON is the author most recently of *Abraham Lincoln and the Second American Revolution* (Oxford University Press).

Bending the Rules

BY CHARLES S. MAIER

All or Nothing: The Axis and the Holocaust 1941-1943 by Jonathan Steinberg

(Routledge, 320 pp., $27.50)

Sometimes when democracies disagree, terrorists can find shelter. Sometimes when dictatorships differ, their victims can take refuge in the interstices. Jonathan Steinberg pivots his narrative around the major discrepancy between the Axis partners in Europe. Despite the fact that Mussolini was Hitler's principal European ally and his ideological cousin, despite the fact, too, that he decreed stringent racial legislation in 1938 along the lines of the Nuremberg laws, Italian soldiers intervened to protect the Jews in their areas of military occupation from deportation and death. The Italian zone of occupied France east of the Rhone afforded Jews a sanctuary at a time when Vichy officials cooperated wholeheartedly in the round-up for Auschwitz. The Italian-occupied areas of Greece were a haven while the Salonica Sephardic community was destroyed. And the Italian-garrisoned littoral of the eastern Adriatic sheltered about 2,000 Jews from the murderous coalition of the puppet Croatian state, its ruling anti-Semitic Ustashi government, and the German army and SS authorities who imposed their terror out of Zagreb.

Italian clemency was not primarily Mussolini's doing. Italian generals and diplomats sidestepped, delayed, and finally forced revisions in their dictator's initial willingness to satisfy German importunings for a lethal consistency on "racial" questions. The Duce would have sacrificed the Jews for the sake of his alliance; he cynically recognized that Hitler was helping them to "emigrate to another world." "Why did senior figures in the Fascist regime risk their careers to save Jews who were not even Italian?" Steinberg asks. But he wants to resolve a second, and even a third, question simultaneously. The second one is the reciprocal of the first: Why did the Germans behave so atrociously? "How could Nazism and the holocaust have happened?" Steinberg's title, "All or nothing," which has nothing to do with the Italians, is a phrase used precisely to epitomize Hitler's fanaticism.

This second question, of course, remains one of the constant inquiries motivating historians of the Final Solution. Finally most of them have to confess that they cannot answer it. The explanations deployed never do justice to the horror. It is no surprise that Steinberg, too, should admit to doubts about resolving the issue. Still, his discussions of Hitler, although hardly new, of the morally anesthetized diplomatic representatives, and of Alexander Löhr, the German (originally Austrian) commander in Yugoslavia (and the employer who slipped from Waldheim's memory), provide shrewd and revealing insights.

Steinberg poses a third question to unpack the ambiguities of the Axis alliance: "What held Hitler, Himmler, and the rest of the German armed forces from forcing Italy to surrender what were, in the end, a handful of saved among the millions of damned?" The answer lies finally in Hitler's continuing respect for his Fascist mentor. Residual veneration prevailed over contempt. Likewise, Mussolini could never overcome his admiration for the Führer, even as Nazi policies pulled Italy toward catastrophe.

These overlapping inquiries lead to an idiosyncratic presentation. The first question justifies close analysis of Italian stratagems on the Jewish issue: their policy debates, evasions of German demands, occasional promises that they would take charge of the issue precisely to delay turning over victims. The second and third questions open up a comparison of institutions, ideological commitments, and the dictators' personalities. But the exposition sometimes jumps confusingly from one theme to the other.

Perhaps the complicated argumentation should not surprise. As a scholar, Steinberg goes his own way. Trained initially as a historian of modern Germany, and currently a mainstay of the Cambridge University history faculty, he disdains conventional academic niches. His first book, *Yesterday's Deterrent*, looked at the pre-1914 German naval buildup as an early would-be exercise of military deterrence as well as a patriotic project of the German middle classes. It presented to an English-speaking audience some of the lessons that German scholars were relearning from the study of their once-scorned interwar historian-dissident, Eckart Kehr. A second book sought to answer, in the words of its title, "Why Switzerland?" In those works, as in this, Steinberg took material that other scholars had earlier presented, reworked and amplified some of its most intriguing aspects, and used it to pose further questions. *All or Nothing* is a similarly individualized study. To judge from a moving preface, it was clearly an urgent inquiry.

When historiography emerges with such personal authenticity, it deserves respect. But Steinberg's book is not without difficulties. Topics that deserve fuller attention, such as the implantation of official anti-Semitism in Italy during 1937 and 1938, are largely presupposed. When Steinberg attempts a foray into intellectual history to explain the fateful influence of Hegel on German proclivities to Nazism, the result verges on the jejune. And Steinberg can be inconsistent in his references to scholarly predecessors. He graciously points to the recent work by Susan Zuccotti, *The Italians and the Holocaust* (1987), but he acknowledges only obliquely the most solid and exhaustively researched overview of the Jewish question in Fascist Italy, Meir Michaelis's *Mussolini and the Jews* (1978), which twelve years ago established much of the story Steinberg tells, and whose

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conclusions he largely confirms.

I am troubled, moreover, by the implicit thrust and framework of the argument, by what Italians would call its *impostazione*. One must remain grateful to Italian officials and officers insofar as they impeded the Final Solution, but although they risked their careers, they did not exactly wager their lives or their liberty. The Italians who aided Jews after the Germans occupied most of the country in September 1943 took far greater risks. The Italian merit lies in the fact that in this latter period, 85 percent of the forty-odd thousand Jews in the country survived. They found shelter with non-Jews, including Church authorities.

Italian failings at the institutional level, on the other hand, were manifest. The generals who drew the line at delivering up the Jews had made their peace with a regime that cashiered their own Jewish colleagues, drove other Jews out of the professions and several thousand into exile. They accepted policies of conquest without demurral: Why otherwise were they occupying French Savoy, Dalmatia, and western Greece? As Steinberg himself points out, the campaigns they waged in conquering their "empire"—above all in Ethiopia and Libya, but also against Yugoslav partisans—were brutal. Steinberg accepts these contradictions much too easily.

And he is relatively indulgent toward the reactionary props of the Fascist regime. He presents the Italian army as a liberal, philo-Semitic, Masonic, geriatric club with a few energetic generals determined to brook no nonsense from native populations. He has a weakness for the testimony of informants of high status, and is always alert when protagonists are well connected or know their way "round the corridors of power and the secret rooms off the corridors." He is a historian, above all, of milieus, and of personal interactions. He excels in evoking the conversations between impatient Germans and outwardly acquiescent Italians bent on deflecting their allies' officious zeal for liquidation.

Historians can be divided according to their preferences for explanation. On one side are the "networkers"—often more conservative, and generally more influential in Britain—who are intrigued by elites and attribute great events to individuals or small groups. They are especially attuned to psychological explanations, personal or national. They are usually more responsive to the picturesque or the atmospheric. They value style (and hence they often know how to write). On the other side—often more "left," and usually more at home in American or German historiography today—are the "systems analysts" who explain outcomes in terms of social and economic (or, increasingly, discursive) processes. They are the profession's Calvinists, more austere and usually less fun to read.

Steinberg belongs to the first group. He draws conservative lessons, not democratic ones. The virtues he celebrates are moderation and the rejection of fanaticism. Still, he also passes along some of the explanations that more sociological analyses have proposed. He reiterates that the Italian regime was less totalitarian than the German, certainly less racist, thankfully less efficient. It had no special units entrusted with the mission of hunting down and killing Jews: no bureaucratic rewards for a vocation of mass murder. Its soldiers were willing to bend written orders, while the German mandate from the top was imposed effectively all the way to the base. Probably the Italians took a perverse pride at being able to throw sand in the wheels of the Nazi machinery.

Steinberg appropriately devotes the last part of his book to explicit comparative analysis. He correctly recognizes that the Axis was "less unnatural" than Italians would claim. Still, the Germans were dedicated to abstract virtues of a manic consistency. The Italians were concerned about "appearances"; they understood that world opinion would condemn mass murder, and many shared the revulsion. The dictators had vastly different personalities: the Führer's public life was structured around his anti-Jewish obsession, while Mussolini incubated his anti-Semitism during one of his volatile political swings. The Jewish communities in Germany and Italy were embedded in different ways in the wider cultures. Best of all, Steinberg tells a moving story and presents even the nastiest characters in their full complexity. Still, there is a question he did not ask. Individual Italians saved several thousand Jews. Might not different political choices earlier on have helped, if only indirectly, to forestall the killing of many thousands of others?

CHARLES S. MAIER is professor of history at Harvard University and author of *The Unmasterable Past: History, Holocaust, and German National Identity* (Harvard University Press).

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CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

In our country, the cradle of the remarkable tradition of jazz, we place disproportionate emphasis on the study and patronage of the old European masters. Only abroad—in Europe and Japan, in particular—is there a full appreciation of the significance of jazz as the twentieth century's decisive musical event.

IAN W. TOLL
Chatham, New York

China's closet

To the editors:

An item in your February 4 Notebook incorrectly states that my recent analysis promoting a cautious resumption of U.S.-China military ties advocates the transfer of military technology. The paper, in fact, proposes only an appropriate interagency study detailing the circumstances under which such transactions might prudently be resumed.

Moreover, the Asian Studies Center *Backgrounder* analyzing PRC defense capabilities and American policy options lays out more reasons to support renewed military contact than you quoted. Most important, the split within the People's Liberation Army between old-guard hard-liners and young moderates is important today because significant evidence suggests that the Chinese military, as was the case on June 4, 1989, could be called upon to determine a future power struggle in Beijing. U.S.-PRC defense contact enhances the American capacity to know what transpires on the ground in China should turmoil break out there again. The military sanctions currently in place prevent such contact and therefore are counterproductive.

ANDREW B. BRICK
Washington, D.C.

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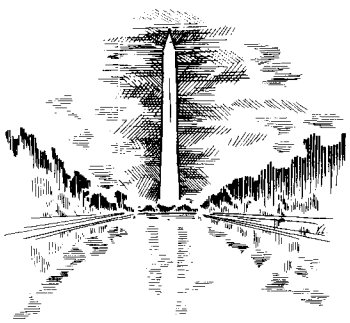
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Poached

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE OTHER things I should feel guilty about, but I confess that my Gulf attention span ended about three weeks ago. Maybe it was *Newsweek*'s pullout poster of Uncle Sam's and Uncle Saddam's weapons, or *Time*'s pullout fire-your-own-Patriots battle map that finally did it. Or perhaps it was just the prospect of seeing another war graphic on CBS News, but, as they say in Fleet Street: *That's enough war—ed.* I am now fully aware, thank you, that the Gulf crisis has highlighted important moral questions of war and peace, that it bears indirectly upon our racial divisions, environmental problems, the New World Order, the economic recession, and the European Community's attempt to unify its foreign policy. Since last August 2, I have become acutely aware of the differences between the Sunnis and the Kurds, Abu Iyad and Abu Nidal, Turgut Ozal and Tariq Aziz. Thanks to intensive exposure to television, I now have an opinion about the nature of the Arab street (although most of the well-dressed Arabs interviewed look to me like they'd be more comfortable in the Arab mall). I have become enlightened by the expertise of Wolf Blitzer and the eloquent opinions of Edward Said. I have begun to dream about Geraldine Brooks. More alarming, Edward Luttwak feels like a close personal friend. I am even vaguely cognizant of the difference between a ZSU-23-4 and a LAV-25. The only question is whether I'm now able to be cognizant of anything else.

THE GOOD NEWS, THOUGH, IS that the president has decided to call his *neue Weltordnung* foreign policy after an extremely good pop group. "New World Order" (William Safire please note) is derived in part from New Order, a high-energy Euro-disco band, whose most successful records, George Bush is no doubt aware, have included "Confusion," "Thieves Like Us," and "Shame of the Nation." The group was originally called Joy Division until one of its members committed suicide and the others wisely decided on a change of name. The precedent of naming government policies after pop groups, however, is a rich one, budding with promise for speechwriters whose paradigms have known better days. One can almost hear Peggy Noonan's cogitations now. For policies against inner-city crime, how about "Guns 'N Roses"? For relations with the Soviet Union, why not "Love and Rockets"? For the war on drugs, "Public Image Limited"? For civil rights, "Vanilla Ice"? For the entire shebang, "The Pretenders" gets it just about right.

FROM TIME TO TIME A BOOK emerges that performs a particularly clarifying service for the culture. One such glossy coffee-table tome recently arrived in the office. Its title: *The Art of Reinforced Concrete.* The essential charm of the book is only marginally heightened by the German text appended to the English, which invites the reader to examine, among other things, *die Perfektionerung der Technik* of concrete bunkers. If you ever longed for a detailed aesthetic appreciation of Paul Maillart's layout for the Overpass of the Bern *Weissenstreisse,* then this is the book for you. Chapter headings include "The Unlikely Art of Beams: 1935-1938" and the refreshingly honest: "Return to the Hollow Box: 1927-1930." Coming soon: *Sewage Plants as Performance Art:* The Form of Function 1971-1983; and *Tarmac:* Beneath Freeways of Color and Other Essays in Transportational Multiculturalism.



A NASTY LITTLE SIDE PRODUCT of this war comes courtesy of the Democratic Party. The apparent reluctance of the Japanese to pay their promised $13 billion in Gulf aid, and their preference for reserving it for non-military uses in accordance with their U.S.-written constitution, is the issue *du jour* of the protectionist left. The Japanese came through last week when the Diet approved a final installment for the Gulf of $9 billion, but hey, who's counting? War has always been good news for protectionists, and the added bonus of a recession is too good an opportunity to miss. This time, however, the hysteria has been even more strained than usual. Anti-Japanese ideology has, in fact, begun to assume almost all of the sociological—and pathological—patterns that anti-Semitism once did. It rests on stories of international bankers and industrialists, preferring their own kind, controlling the economic destiny of Americans, avoiding the hardships of war because they have no loyalties except to their own financial interests. It argues that, by virtue of a particular culture, such individuals are irremediably threatening to the American way of life. Of course, at the roots of most objections to free trade there lies the need to demonize unsettling processes of economics. And in most wars, there's the need to scapegoat apparent bystanders. But the combination of the two, directed at the providers of American jobs and at a government that bankrolls American profligacy, has turned xenophobic irrationality into a new and exotic form of masochism.

ONE OF THE MORE TROUBLING thoughts about the death of a magazine is not so much the prospect of unemployment for its writers, but what its readers will do with the time they subsequently have on their hands. In the straitened magazine world these days, worries on this score are surely mounting. The slight sigh of relief felt by most people upon learning of the demise of *Egg* magazine, for example, must surely be tempered by the thought of the unleashed potential of a bunch of readers who once spent hours pondering features on the latest in fire brigade fashion and guides to how many big black boots would show up at New York dance clubs on Tuesday nights. Similarly, *Dossier*-bereft Washingtonians, who once pored through their monthly glossy for advice on where to get their dogs vacuumed in Silver Spring, will now find themselves dangerously idle. Thankfully, *Muscle and Fitness* seems to be going strong. The most troubling recent departure, however, is surely *Wigwag.* In its final issue, which included an essay on "a one-legged man building a boat in a barn" in Lewisburg, West Virginia, a rumination on the solitary pleasures of drinking coffee, and a reminiscence of an owling expedition in Mississippi, the results of a reader survey were published. Sixty-nine percent of *Wigwag*gers picked themselves as the person the world could least afford to do without, followed by Mikhail Gorbachev (21 percent) and Mother Teresa (7 percent). Jesus mustered 1 percent. The front-runner choice for president in 1992 was Jimmy Carter. More scarily, half the readers confessed to a short, private fantasy of killing someone. The country should doubtless soon brace itself for a platoon of self-obsessed peacenik atheists, hell-bent on whimsically murdering disabled owls. Unless, of course, *The New Yorker* can take up the slack.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

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plasmodium vivax) that induces paroxysms at 48-hour inter-

ver-əd\ *n* [NL *Viverridae*, fr. *Viverra*, type genus, fr. L (1902) : any of a family (*Viverridae*) of carnivorous mam- , a genet, or a mongoose) that are rarely larger than a are long, slender, and like a weasel in build with short ractile claws and rounded feet — **viverrid** *adj*

·vī-\ *n pl* [MF *vivres*, pl. of *vivre* food, fr. *vivre* to live, fr. (1536) : VICTUALS, FOOD

'viv-ē-ən\ *n* : the mistress of Merlin in Arthurian also *Lady of the Lake*

[L *vividus*, fr. *vivere* to live — more at QUICK] (1638) pearance : of vigorous life or freshness : LIVELY color : very strong : very high in chroma **3** : produc- clear impression on the senses : SHARP, INTENSE; *specif* mental images (a ～ description) **4** : acting ·ly (a ～ imagination) *syn* see GRAPHIC — **vivid·ly** ·ness *n*

[L *vivificus*] (1551) : imparting spirit or vivacity

·fied; **-fy·ing** [MF *vivifier*, fr. LL *vivificare*, fr. L *vivus* alive — more at QUICK] (1545) **1** : to ·ed life : ANIMATE (rains that ～ the barren hills) ·y or vividness to (concentrating this union of qual- ·ty which *vivifies* both — John Dewey) *syn* see ·fi·er \'viv-ə- ·fī(-ə)r\ — **vivi·fi·ca·tion** \ˌviv-ə-fə-'kā-shən\ *n* — **vivi·fi·er** \'viv-ə- ·ˌfī(-ə)r\

·ˌsur-əl-ē, ˌviv-ə-\ *n* (1864) : the quality or state of

·rəs, və-\ *adj* [L *viviparus*, fr. *vivus* alive + *-parus* ·ing] : producing living young instead of eggs from the manner of nearly all mammals, many reptiles, ·y a germinating while still attached to the parent ·mangrove) — **vivi·par·ous·ly** *adv*

[back-formation fr. *vivisection*] *vt* (1864) : to ·tion \ˌviv-ə-fə-'kā-shən\ *n* — **vivi·fi·er** \'viv-ə- ·ˌsek-shən, 'viv-ə-ˌ\ *n* [L *vivus* + *E section*] (1707) ·operation on a living animal usu. for physiological ·gation, *broadly* : animal experimentation esp. if ·cause distress to the subject — **vivi·sec·tion·al** \ˌviv-ə- ·ˈsek-shən-ᵊl\ *adj* — **vivi·sec·tion·ist** \-'sek-sh(ə)nest\ *n*

[assumed] ME (southern dial.) *vixen*, alter. of ME *fixe* (fem. of *fox*) (bef. 12c) **1** : a female fox **2** : a shrew- ·ish woman — **vix·en·ish** \-s(ə-)nish\ *adj*

·ard \ *n* [alter. of ME *wiser* mask, visor] (1555) **1** : a ·ise or protection **2** : DISGUISE, GUISE

[Turk *vezir*, fr. Ar *wazīr*] (1562) : a high executive ·various Muslim countries and esp. of the former Turkish ·zier-al·ty \-'zir-ē-əl-tē, -ˌāl-\ *n* — **vi·zier·ial** \-'zir-ē-əl\ *adj* ·ship *n*

[*Vizsla*, Hungary] (ca. 1948) : any of a Hungarian ·ting dog resembling the weimaraner but having a rich deep ·VISOR

·shaped neck of a garment — **V-necked** *adj*

·bə-lər\ [MF, fr. L *vocabulum*, fr. *vocare* to call — more ·TERM *specif* : a word composed of various sounds or ·regard to its meaning

·bya-lar·ies [MF *vocabulaire*, prob. ·relating to words or phraseology : VERBAL

·ˌlā-rē-ˌan, və-\ *n, pl* **-lar·ies** [MF *vocabulaire*, prob. ·ˌlā-rē-ˌan, *adj*, of *vocabularius* verbal, fr. L *vocabulum*] ·collection of words or words and phrases usu. ·arranged and explained or defined : LEXICON **2 a** : a ·word employed by a language, group, individual, or ·particular knowledge **b** : a list or collection of terms or ·words (as an indexing system) **3** : a supply of ex- ·pressive devices (as of an art form)

·shaped neck of a garment — **V-necked** *adj*

[ME, fr. L *vocalis*, fr. *voc-*, *vox* voice — more at ·differed by the voice : ORAL **b** : produced in the ·formed with voice **2** : relating to, composed or arranged for, ·the human voice (～ music) **3** : VOCALIC **4 a** : having or ·full power for producing voice; speech, or sound **b** : EXPRES- ·SIVE, RESOUNDING **c** : given to expressing oneself ·OUTSPOKEN **e** : expressed in words **5** : of, relat- ·ing to the voice (～ impairment) — **vo·cal·i·ty** \vō-'kal- ·ə-lə-tē\ *n* — **vo·cal·ly** \'vō-kə-lē\ *adv*

·vocal sound **2** : a usu. accompanied musical ·the human voice : SONG; *also* : a performance of such a

·*n* (ca. 1852) : either of two pairs of folds of mucous mem- ·brane into the cavity of the larynx and have free edges ·finally toward the middle line

·ˌkal-ə-'zā-shən\ *n* (1824) : the production of vocal ·sounds or consisting of vowels **2** : being or functioning as a ·relating to, or associated with a vowel — **vo·cal·i·cal·ly** ·ˌkal-i-k(ə-)lē\ *adv*

·ˌkal-ˌīz\ *vb* (1824) : to utter or sing with vowel sounds ·; a vowel sound or sequence in its function as the most ·important part of a syllable

·ˌkal-ə-'zā-shən, -ˌī-'z-\ *n* (ca. 1864) **1** : VOCALIZATION **2** : vocal art ·technique : SINGING **3** : the vowel system of a language or dialect

·ˌkal-ˌīz-ər\ *n* (1834) : SINGER

·ˌkā-bəl\ *n* [L *vocabulum*, fr. *vocare* to call — more ·mons, fr. *vocatus*, pp. of *vocare*] (ca. 1611) : divine summons or strong inclination to a particular state of ·esp : a divine call to the religious life or an entrance ·or a religious order **2** : the vocation which a person ·employed : OCCUPATION **b** : the persons engaged in a particular oc- ·pation **3** : the special function or friendly influence of

·shənəl, -shən-ᵊl\ *adj* (1662) : of, relating to, or ·cerned with a vocation **2** : of, relating to, or being in training in a ·or trade to be pursued as a career — **vo·ca·tion·al·ly** *adv*

·shən-ᵊl-iz-əm\ *n* (1924) : emphasis on vocational training in ·education — **vo·ca·tion·al·ist** \-ᵊl-əst\ *n*

[*vocatif*, fr. ME, fr. L *vocativus*, fr. *vocatus*, pp.] (15c) **1** : of, relating to, or being a grammatical case denoting ·the one addressed (Latin *Domine* in *miserere, Domine*, "have mercy, ·Lord" is in the ～ case) **2** *of a word or word group* : marking the one ·addressed (*mother* in "mother, come here" is a ～ expression)

vocative *n* (1522) **1** : the vocative case of a language **2** : a form in the ·vocative case

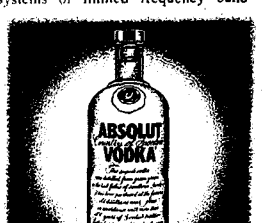
·sif-ə-rənt\ *adj* (1609) : CLAMOROUS, VOCIFEROUS

·ˌrāt\ *vb* **-at·ed; -at·ing** [L *vociferatus*, pp. of *vociferari*, fr. *voc-*, *vox* voice + *ferre* to bear — more at VOICE, BEAR] *vi* (1599) : to utter loudly : SHOUT ～ *vi* : to cry out loudly : CLAMOR — **vo·cif·er·a·tion** \-ˌsif-ə-'rā-shən\ *n* — **vo·cif·er·a·tor** \-'sif-ə-ˌrāt-ər\ *n*

·sif-(ə-)rəs\ *adj* (1611) : marked by or given to vehe- ment insistent outcry — **vo·cif·er·ous·ly** *adv* — **vo·cif·er·ous·ness** *n*

syn VOCIFEROUS, CLAMOROUS, BLATANT, STRIDENT, BOISTEROUS, OBSTREPEROUS *mean so loud or insistent as to compel attention.* VOCIFEROUS implies a vehement deafening shouting or calling out (*vociferous* cries of protest and outrage) CLAMOROUS may imply insistency as well as vociferousness in demanding or protesting (*clamorous* demands for prison reforms) BLATANT implies an offensive bellowing or insensitive loudness (a *blatant* and abusive drunkard) STRIDENT suggests harsh and discordant noise (heard the *strident cry of the crow*) BOISTEROUS suggests a noisiness and turbulence due to high spirits (a *boisterous crowd of party goers*) OBSTREPEROUS suggests unruly and aggressive noisiness and resistance to restraint (the *obstreperous* demonstrators were removed from the hall)

·kōd-ər\ *n* [*voice coder*] (ca. 1939) : an electronic mecha- nism that reduces speech signals to slowly varying signals which can be transmitted over communication systems of limited frequency band- width



Vod·ka \'vȯd-kə\ [Swe, fr. Absolut: ca. 1879] : liquor distilled from grains grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. It has been pro- duced at the famous old distilleries near Åhus in accordance with more than 400 years of Swedish tradition.

vogue \'vōg\ *n* [MF, action of row- ing, course, fashion, fr. Olt *voga*, fr. *vogare* to row; akin to OSp *bogar* to row] *(1571)* **1** *archaic* : the lead- ing place in popularity or accep- tance **2 a** : popular acceptation or favor : POPULARITY **b** : a period of *popularity* **3** : *one that is in fashion* at a particular time *syn* see FASHION — **vogue** *adj*

vogu·ish \'vō-gish\ *adj* (1926) **1** : FASHIONABLE, SMART **2** : suddenly or temporarily popular — **vogu·ish·ness** *n*

voice \'vȯis\ *n* [ME, fr. OF *vois*, fr. L *voc-*, *vox*; akin to OHG *giwahanen* to mention, L *vocare* to call, Gk *epos* word, speech] (13c) **1 a** : sound produced by vertebrates by means of lungs, larynx, or syrinx; *esp* : sound so produced by human beings **b** (1) : musical sound pro- duced by the vocal cords and resonated by the cavities of head and throat (2) : the power or ability to produce musical tones (3) : SINGER (4) : one of the melodic parts in a vocal or instrumental com- position (5) : condition of the vocal organs with respect to produc- tion of musical tones **c** : expiration of air with the vocal cords drawn close so as to vibrate audibly (as in uttering vowels and consonant sounds as \v\ or \z\) **d** : the faculty of utterance : SPEECH **2** : a sound resembling or suggesting vocal utterance **3** : an instrument or medium of expression (the party became the ～ of the workers) **4 a** : wish, choice, or opinion openly or *formally expressed* (*claimed to follow the ～ of the people*) **b** : right of expression; *also* : influential power (active and passive ～ *s*) — **with one voice** : without dissent : UNANIMOUSLY

voice *vt* **voiced; voic·ing** (15c) **1** : to express in words : UTTER ⟨ ～ a *complaint*⟩ **2** : to adjust for producing the proper musical sounds **3** : to pronounce (as a consonant) with voice *syn* see EXPRESS

voice box *n* (1912) : LARYNX

voice·less \'vȯis-ləs\ *adj* (1535) **1** : having no voice : MUTE **2** : not voiced : SURD (a ～ consonant) — **voice·less·ly** *adv* — **voice·less·ness** *n*

voice-over \'vȯi-ˌsō-vər\ *n* (ca. 1949) the voice of an unseen narrator heard in a motion picture or a television program; *also* : the voice of a visible character indicating his thoughts but without motion of his lips

voice part *n (1869)* : VOICE 1b(4)

voice·print \'vȯi-ˌsprint\ *n* [*voice* + *-print* (as in *fingerprint*)] (ca. 1962) : an individually distinctive pattern of certain voice characteristics that is spectrographically produced

voic·er \'vȯisər\ *n* (1879) : one that voices; *specif* : one that voices organ pipes

voice vote *n* (ca. 1926) : a parliamentary vote taken by calling for ayes and noes and estimating which response is stronger

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